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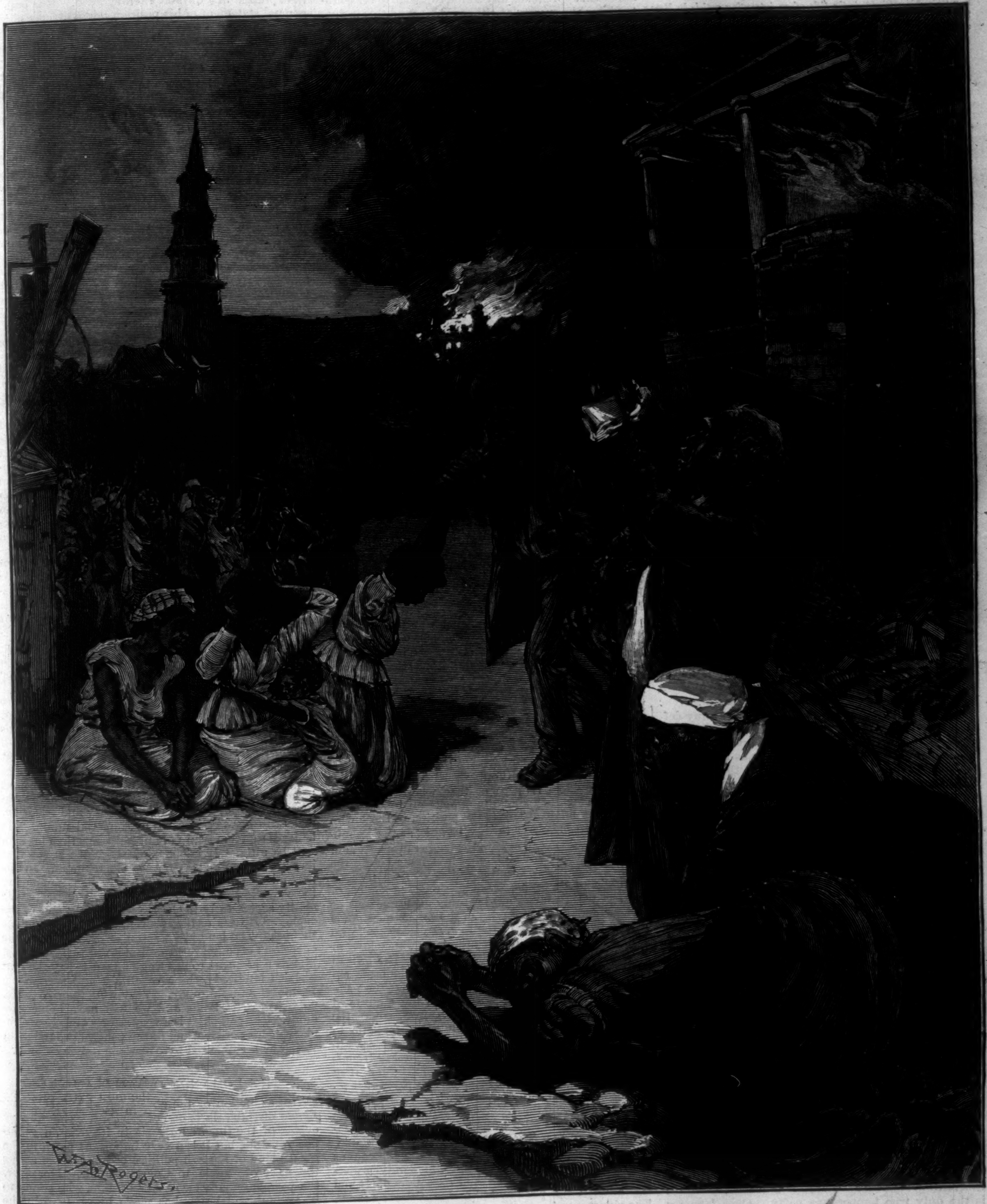

THE EARTHQUAKE—A STREET SCENE IN CHARLESTON.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

"We cordially recommend HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to all the young people who find so much pleasure in our own 'Children's Page.' They will not be disappointed in the interesting stories, charming verses, and delightful pictures with which this magazine abounds."—*Lady's Pictorial, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number dated September 7 contains several very interesting stories and articles. In fiction, the third instalment is given of KIRK MUNROE'S *serial story for boys, "The Flamingo Feather," accompanied by a full-page illustration by* T. DE THULSTRUP. *"The Personal History of Polly Jay" is the title of a charming story for girls, by* KATHERINE D. MCILVAINE, *with four illustrations by* ALICE BARBER.

"ENGLISH LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS"

is the title of an article by HOWARD A. TAYLOR, *who won the second prize at the National Lawn-tennis Tournament at Newport last month. Not only is* MR. TAYLOR *an expert with the racket, but he possesses the art of putting his subject before his readers in a clear and interesting manner.*

"Swimming Birds" is the title of an interesting article by MISS SARAH COOPER, *and "Letters from a Blue-coat Boy" give an amusing sketch of life at the famous school of Christ's Hospital, London.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

THE autumn political campaign is now fully opened. The party conventions are nominating candidates and laying down platforms, and in Maine, where the first important election occurs, Mr. BLAINE has taken the stump, and has made several speeches. His speeches are important as those of the late Republican candidate for the Presidency and the Republican leader who has the largest personal following. It is fair to regard them as party manifestoes. From this point of view in the present situation the most significant fact is that in his first carefully prepared speech, read from the copy, of which the other speeches are but variations, Mr. BLAINE laid no emphasis upon the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, which was the chief topic of his Augusta speech after his defeat, nor did he allude to the silver question, nor to the surplus, nor to reform in the civil service. He said, indeed, at Sebago, that the colored citizens are prevented from voting, and consequently are unable to command fair wages. But he did not insist upon the suppression of the vote as one of the wrongs which Republican success would correct. He did not do it because it is a wrong which existed under Republican ascendency, and was not corrected, as crimes against the suffrage in the Northern States are not corrected by national authority. Mr. BLAINE was as silent upon the question of administrative reform as Mr. WEBSTER used to be upon the question of slavery in old Whig times. He spoke much of protection, of the fisheries, and of prohibition. But it is apparent that protection is in no danger from the present Democratic party, and the fishery question must be settled sooner or later by an explicit understanding with Great Britain, as the President recommends, while Mr. BLAINE'S view of prohibition as a State question is necessarily unsatisfactory to those who regard it as the chief issue in the election.

The speeches of Mr. BLAINE fail to reveal any definite Republican policy upon the questions of honest elections, of the finances, of administrative reform, or of prohibition. The State platforms are equally obscure. The chief impression which they produce is that a distinctive national policy for the party is wanting, and that in each State it expresses its views upon various public questions without regard to the party views elsewhere. The Iowa platform censures the President for not favoring the surplus distribution bill, and for his Des Moines land grant veto. It condemns Congress for its conduct in regard to certain land grants, and its indifference to the CULLOM bill. It opposes the ownership of public lands by non-resident aliens, and favors the admission of Dakota. It censures the pension vetoes, and demands an increase of pensions. It denounces election abuses in the North and the South, and "endorses every legitimate effort of organized labor" to help itself. It demands protection for American labor against foreign pauper labor and domestic convict and contract labor; sympathizes with "the just aspirations" of Ireland, and demands the enforcement of the liquor laws until they are repealed. The Michigan and Ohio platforms touch upon some topics not mentioned in the Iowa platform. Michigan favors a tariff to protect American laborers without adding to their burdens, which is, of course, non-committal. It approves an equal currency of gold and silver, and arbitration to settle labor troubles. It opposes the importation of Chinese or of contract laborers, and the competition of convict labor with free labor, provided, etc., etc., and favors a popular vote upon a prohibition amendment. It repudiates the supremacy of Church over State, and the Convention rejected a declaration that the Republican is the only true temperance party. Ohio favors a protective tariff, and "straddles" several other questions. The Texas Republican platform denounces monopolies and the leasing of convicts; favors the submission of a prohibition amendment, and the BLAIR educational bill. But no complaint of an unlawful suppression of the colored vote appears in the report.

There are various opinions upon many subjects expressed in the way which is held to be most popular in the State in which they are uttered, but they are not declarations of a national party policy. In none of the platforms, so far as we have remarked, is there any declaration in favor of civil service reform as a party principle, nor of any definite financial policy, nor of any other matter of general public concern, except some kind of protective tariff and care of the soldiers. The platforms show the political situation, which is still further revealed by the good-natured apathy in regard to the result. No reasonable man apprehends any serious disaster to the country from the success of either side. And this is due, not to the feeling that parties are unnecessary, but that the parties are not real parties. They do not stand for different policies. Mr. BLAINE says that the Republican is the party of protection, and the Democratic the party of free trade. But Mr. RANDALL is as sound a Democrat as Mr. BLAINE is a Republican, yet they do not seriously differ upon the tariff. Undoubtedly more Democrats than Republicans are free-traders, as more Republicans than Democrats are civil service reformers. But that fact does not make the Democratic a free-trade party, nor the Republican a reform party. A Democratic victory would not mean free trade, as experience shows, nor a Republican victory civil service reform. It is the precise situation in which personal character and ability will be of the utmost advantage, while the character of the platforms and the speeches indicates profound political apathy and the relaxation of party ties.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE are two recent and very significant signs of the political situation. One is the call for a Republican Anti-saloon Convention at Binghamton on the day that this paper is issued, and the other is the address of American free-traders. They contemplate very different purposes, but they are significant because they are the formal announcement of adherents of both parties that there are public issues which are more important to them than the support of their party. Neither the anti-saloon call nor the free-trade address, indeed, proposes the organization of a new party. But the anti-saloon call describes the temperance question, or the control of party action by the liquor interest, as "now the most prominent and important issue before the people." Honest and patriotic men will not subordinate more important to less important issues, and therefore, unless the Republican party should take a positive and effective anti-saloon position, such men could not honorably support it. They will undoubtedly be put to the proof. Mr. BLAINE'S speeches in Maine and the Conventions in Michigan and elsewhere show that the Republican party as a national organization will take no step which would alienate the saloon. It will not treat the temperance question as the most important of present public issues, and Republicans who sincerely think it to be so will be, like the Conscience and Free-soil Whigs of forty years ago, prepared to form new party connections.

The free-trade address does not propose a new party. But it proposes that free-traders should secure the nomination for Congress of a candidate of their views, or, should that be impracticable, that they should support the candidate, without regard to party, who is least opposed to reform; or that, wherever circumstances favor, they should nominate an independent reform candidate. This is the position of those who feel that free-trade or tariff reform is, as the Republican anti-saloon call says of the temperance question, the most prominent and important issue before the people. The signers of the anti-saloon call are all Republicans "in good standing"; and the signers of the free-trade address are probably all Democrats or Independents. The gravity of the saloon question is shown by the murder of the Rev. Mr. HADDOCK, who interested himself to enforce the temperance laws in Sioux City, Iowa, and by the vote of the Republican Legislature in New York to favor the saloons, as explained by the SHERIDAN SHOOK telegram to the *Tribune.* It is this subservience which has stimulated Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends in Kansas, where the saloon power in politics is absolute and despotic, to call the National Republican Congress at Chicago to throw off the yoke. Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends faithfully supported Mr. BLAINE in 1884; but they will no longer support the Republican party if it refuses to break with the saloon.

The signers of the free-trade address likewise are prepared to break with any party which does not favor tariff reform. They would vote in Pennsylvania, for instance, for any tariff reform Republican as against Mr. RANDALL. They recognize only protectionists and free-traders, as the Free-soilers of '44 and '48 knew only pro-slavery and antislavery men. The signers, so far as they are known to us, are men in the vigor of life, earnest, intelligent, upright, enthusiastic in the cause. The course of two such bodies of citizens on the eve of an election, with that of the civil service reformers, is the most suggestive fact of the political situation. The Independent or Mugwump movement of 1884 was the forerunner of a political readjustment which will restore that normal and wholesome situation in which parties represent real conviction and a definite purpose.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

MR. GLADSTONE'S cheerful and even gay departure from London for the Continent not only illustrates his buoyant disposition, but shows his happy consciousness that he has linked his name with a beneficent historic event. His pamphlet upon the Irish question is the statement of the case as he understands it, expressed in a durable literary form. It is both a general statement of his position and a defence of his consistency, an *apologia* in the best sense. He holds that during his public life the question of Ireland has been a simple alternative, repeal or the Parliamentary relief of Ireland from grievances. He opposed Mr. BUTT'S home rule scheme in 1871 because the last alternative had not been exhausted. Parliamentary relief was not yet shown to be impracticable. But even then he said that he believed home rule to be, and that it was honestly meant by Mr. BUTT to be, compatible with the union. The union was to be maintained, while the authority of Parliament in Ireland was to be divided. In 1881 Mr. GLADSTONE declared that he would hail with delight any measure of local government for Ireland. The question, in his judgment, was ripening, and in the campaign of 1885 he said that it had become the important and urgent question. To the charge that he had concealed his views from his colleagues he replies that a minister is not bound to impart all the thoughts that are passing in his mind, nor the growth of opinions which are not to be acted upon, when such communications might embarrass necessary action.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S analysis of the recent vote is interesting. The Liberal party has lost upon the question of home rule two-sevenths of its whole vote. But this fraction includes five-sixths of the Liberal peers, but not more than one-twentieth of the Liberal working-men. The Tories have not secured an absolute majority, and when the Liberal party is again united it will dominate Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE points out, what was so significant a fact in the canvass, that the unionists are pledged to large and immediate concessions, which is a plain declaration that there are still grievances to be redressed despite the assertion that Ireland has no more reason to complain than any other part of the empire. He holds that the election, when closely scanned, signifies not so much a refusal of the Irish demand as a slower acknowledgment. Ireland now knows what she has never known before, that a deep current of conviction in her favor runs through all English opinion, and this consciousness is in itself a healing and reconciling influence. Why, then, he asks, should Ireland wish to separate? Why should she desire to become an alien to the market that consumes nine-tenths of her produce, and instead of being a powerful and prosperous part of a great empire, prefer to become a third-rate, inferior state?

Mr. GLADSTONE then throws over the land purchase bill. He admits that it was the chief cause of defeat, and that the "Siamese twinship" of the two bills was fatal to both. He explicitly renounces the land bill, and the Irish landlords have thus doubtless lost the best offer that will be ever made to them. Home rule as he proposes it, and as the Irish leaders have accepted it, he declares finally to be a truly conservative measure, founded upon regard for history and tradition, and restoring, not imperilling, imperial union. He believes that a measure of not less scope than his own will be ultimately adopted, but he will not say that its present enemies may not lead its triumph. In this pamphlet, as in the debates in Parliament and during the campaign, Mr. GLADSTONE shows a characteristic ability successfully to change front in the face of the enemy. He retains the essential thing and abandons the rest. The land bill was an effort to placate the opposition of conservatism. But it was turned against him as a proposal to tax Englishmen to pay the rent to Irish landlords which rebellious and treasonable Irishmen refused to pay. Very well, then, says Mr. GLADSTONE, let it go, and we will have home rule alone. The pamphlet is a very strong and clear summary of his position, and of the general ground upon which he is supported by American public opinion.

THE ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER.

THE abduction or the abdication of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria is one of the most extraordinary events of the time. Bulgaria in itself is an unimportant state, but it is a very important pawn in the great game of Eastern politics, because it lies across the path of Russia to Constantinople. Moreover, the personal character of ALEXANDER, who seems to be gallant and brave, has made him a hero in the popular imagination, and casts a romantic glamour over recent Bulgarian events. ALEXANDER is nomi-

nally a vassal of the Sultan. But it is most desirable for Russia that the Bulgarian vassal of the Sultan should be still more a Russian vassal. ALEXANDER, however, comprehended the situation, and as the real support of Turkey lies in the powers which do not wish to see Russia in Constantinople, the Prince has been too independent of Russian control. The revolution as it was first announced was an uprising of ALEXANDER'S own troops forcing him to abdicate and flee the country, while a provisional government was established. But the next report changed the whole situation. Russian emissaries had subsidized the palace soldiers. They had seized ALEXANDER and placed him upon his yacht, and under a Russian captain had sent him no one knew whither, and the indignant Bulgarians had overthrown the provisional government, and instituted a new one friendly to ALEXANDER, who would be solicited to return. A third report announced the emergence of the Prince from the cloud. He had landed from his yacht in Bessarabia on his way to Darmstadt, in Germany. He was hailed with acclamations. The air rang with cries of "Perish the traitors!" and amid indescribable enthusiasm, during which, undoubtedly, "strong men wept," he kissed a child who offered him a bouquet, and declared that he must continue his journey and see his father.

Meanwhile it rained telegrams from Bulgaria beseeching him to reascend his throne, which was planted upon the hearts of his faithful Bulgarians, who would die in his defence. Meanwhile nobody knew what it all meant. The newspapers throughout the world were full of it, and Monseigneurs the Prince BISMARCK and Chancellor GIERS were engaged in private conversation at Franzensbad. A fourth change, and a letter purporting to proceed from Chancellor GIERS appeared, which stated that nothing could be warmer than the mutual affection of Russia and Bulgaria; that Russia was as the unborn babe in regard to the abdication of ALEXANDER; that it would aid and hasten his restoration; and that the Prince would then doubtless prove his love for Russia, his best friend, by actually and deliberately abdicating. In deference to the wits of the Chancellor, the letter was held to be apocryphal. The next telegram announced the return of the Prince to Bulgaria, his welcome in the name of Bulgaria by the chief of the provisional ministry, his coronation by the officers of his army, and the Prince's assurance that he was ready to die for his beloved Bulgarians. With all this was announced the death sentence of the ringleaders of the revolution, and disapproval of the Prince's return by Chancellors BISMARCK and GIERS.

The result of the incident cannot be foretold. There is no doubt expressed by the European press that it was a Russian plot, not only to put ALEXANDER out of the way, but to repress the rising national feeling of Bulgaria. An imperial understanding between Russia, Germany, and Austria is believed to have existed for some time. But such an alliance would differ essentially from that which followed the Napoleonic wars. The popular sentiment in Germany and Austria, and even in Russia, is a much stronger power now than then, and a power with which the Emperors and their ministers must reckon. The popular German sympathy is with ALEXANDER and the Bulgarians, and England and France and Italy do not smile upon the Russian advance to the south. The peace of Europe is always involved in the question of the Danubian states. It is possible that ALEXANDER'S return to his throne may leave the outward situation as before, at least for a time. It is possible, also, that Russia may make demands intended to provoke war, and to bring her lines nearer to the Balkans.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

THE Philadelphia *Press* (BLAINE Republican) says that

"One of the boldest acts in connection with the late Democratic State Convention was committed by ALBERT W. FLETCHER, a henchman of Congressman RANDALL and clerk in the Navy Department at Washington. FLETCHER went to Harrisburg and participated in the proceedings of the Convention as a substitute for a Philadelphia delegate who was not an office-holder. The President has directed that the influence of Federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions. But the President has gone fishing, and Mr. RANDALL was in Harrisburg to tell Mr. FLETCHER that the Executive order didn't amount to anything, as, indeed, it does not. There were other office-holders in the Convention, but this was the only instance in which an office-holder got in as a substitute."

A private correspondent adds in a note to us:

"FLETCHER is one of the most pestiferous opponents of reform. He is RANDALL'S right-hand man at Washington, who acts as a go-between for such jobs as his employer does not wish to figure in personally, and is always on hand here when it is necessary to manipulate a convention after the style in vogue in RANDALL'S district.

"The President should know just what kind of agents RANDALL employs to do his work, and see for himself how persistently he (RANDALL) pursues his opposition to the policy of reform.

"Why FLETCHER is kept in an important public position, after all his efforts to render reform inoperative, is one of the strange anomalies of politics which make honest men despair of ever accomplishing any permanent results."

The fact that such conduct is observed and stigmatized, instead of being regarded as a duty and a matter of course, is one of the signs of the rapid progress of reform. The object of the circular of the President was to prevent precisely such conduct as this which is alleged against FLETCHER. It is a plain case for inquiry upon the part of the Secretary of the Navy.

THE YACHTS.

THE first race in the international yacht contest for the Cup will take place on the day before this paper is published. "May the best yacht win!" is the exclamation of the philosophic observer. But there will be very few who witness the race or who read of it who have not some secret preference. "If only the *Priscilla*—" or, "Ah, the *Puritan* might—" or, "Why should not the *Atlantic*—" will be the vague wish and surmise in many a heart.

Meanwhile there has been undoubtedly a general feeling that there has been a little too much confidence in the certainty of American success. The *Genesta* has beaten the *Galatea*, the *Puritan* has beaten the *Genesta*, the *Mayflower* has—generously excelled the *Puritan*, consequently the *Galatea* will be beaten. This is the ratiocination, and it looks well. But winds and waves and the chapter of chances may produce the most unanticipated results.

But whatever betides, the race will be fairly sailed, and the victory of the *Galatea* would be hailed by American yachtsmen with the same hearty good-will which the gallant owner of the *Genesta* showed last year to the *Puritan*. *Messieurs, tirez les premiers.* It is the challenge of courtesy, and the courtesy is none the less if the children of the Pilgrims have hoped to see the *Mayflower* a little ahead.

THE MOONLIGHTERS.

THE Tory government in England makes a bad beginning. It has virtually acknowledged that what are called the judicial rents in Ireland are too high; but it has also said that English tax-payers must not be asked to pay them. Unless, therefore, the government makes some special provision, the rents will be enforced, and extensive evictions will follow. But the government says that Parliament will adjourn without such provision, which means apparently that the landlords must collect their rents, and depend upon government to keep order.

It is this situation which explains the strong talk of MICHAEL DAVITT at Escanaba, in Michigan. He said:

"In Ireland we are likely to have serious trouble the coming winter. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S government has already encouraged landlords. We must resist. At first passive measures of resistance will be employed, but resist we must at any cost. I would be the last to advise a resort to unjustifiable means; but if the landlords make efforts to collect impossible rents, and the tenants are evicted, they will fall back on the promptings of human nature. We cannot help it. The government has been warned by GLADSTONE; so after this trouble comes we want it understood that the policy is the deliberate one of the Tories."

Meanwhile the Moonlighters, modern "minions of the moon," have begun operations, and Major-General Sir REDVERS BULLER has gone to Ireland, saying that his task will be "simply" to repress Moonlighters and secure life and property. He will have "flying patrols" and a gun-boat to help him. The Moonlighters are a kind of Ku-Klux who terrorize farmers not to pay rent, and they are reported to have shot a farmer in Kerry. It is the beginning of the old story, and it is hard to believe that intelligent Englishmen can suppose that the policy which has ended in the present condition of Ireland is the policy which will give peace and contentment to the country.

THE INDIAN BUREAU.

THE letters of Mr. HERBERT WELSH to the Boston *Evening Transcript* and the New York *Evening Post* seem to us to dispose effectually of the assertion of a Washington correspondent of the *Transcript* that Mr. WELSH'S statements in regard to certain incidents in the Indian administration were unfounded. Mr. WELSH'S view of the MCGILLICUDDY case is most strongly sustained by the action of Captain BELL, of the army, who was detailed temporarily to fill his place. Agent MCGILLICUDDY was dismissed for refusing to accept a new chief clerk. The agent was under heavy bonds, and was usually permitted to appoint his clerk, and the old clerk was perfectly competent and trustworthy, and there was no complaint against him, and the agent declined to receive him. He was removed, and Captain BELL, of the army, was detailed temporarily to fill his place. He also asked eight times that the old clerk might remain, as without him he could not discharge his duty. The request was refused, and Captain BELL then asked to be relieved as agent. But he was ordered to remain.

Agent MCGILLICUDDY, according to Mr. WELSH, whose disinterested opinion, founded upon personal knowledge, may be trusted implicitly, was one of the ablest and most efficient agents in the service. He was suspended by Inspector POLLOCK under a Republican administration. But Mr. WELSH states that the Inspector's action was "inspired by personal enmity," and Inspector BANNISTER subsequently made a highly favorable report, and MCGILLICUDDY was reinstated. Mr. WELSH, thoroughly informed upon the subject, and a man of the utmost candor and moderation, considers such a removal an abuse, and he attributes it largely to political reasons. The correspondent of the *Transcript*, whose letter was perhaps "inspired," speaks of it simply as a case of insubordination, and enters into no statement of the facts.

Mr. WELSH'S disposition of the other pleas of the correspondent is equally conclusive. He says truly that he has no partisan object, and that it is not so much the present Administration which is to blame as "the present system of Indian affairs, whereby of necessity political considerations in the matter of appointments and removals are more potent than those which purely concern the civilization of the Indian. What is needed to remedy present evils is the extension of the civil service rules and the reform civil service spirit to the Indian service." The next forward step in reform is, of course, to extend the reformed system to other branches of the service than those which it now affects, and this advance may be justly anticipated. The Indian service, the postal railway service, the chiefs of division, and other grades of offices may be wisely included.

PERSONAL.

EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, is physically and mentally an unusually hale octogenarian. Many men at fifty show more signs of advancing years. His handwriting is as legible, as fluent, and as rich in graceful flourishes as that of the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. To a friend who asked of him a recipe for attaining a good old age, he replied: "In all that pertains to health and longevity I have never lived by rule—have, in fact, had a degree of contempt for what may be called formalism in matters of diet and regimen."

—Three years ago the trustees of Columbia College established a course of collegiate instruction for women parallel to that provided for men, though not given in the college buildings nor by the college officers. Nevertheless the college officers twice a year examine these women in their studies, and the place of examination is one of the college buildings. President BARNARD was the most influential advocate of this new departure, and he has seen no reason to regret his action, or to request the trustees to modify theirs.

—Mr. E. P. ROE'S vacation this year consisted of a two weeks' sojourn at Sheepshead Bay with his family, five minutes distant from the music, bathing, and fireworks of Manhattan Beach, and a few days' sojourn with a literary friend on the banks of Lake Oscawana, near Peekskill. He is finishing his series of articles on "The Home Acre," and has been obliged to decline many offers from publishers for lack of time. Mr. ROE gives as many hours daily to hard work as any other man of letters in this country, and never took so long a vacation as he did this season, having found that rest was imperative.

—Mr. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP has been at New London, Connecticut, most of the summer, putting the finishing touches to a fairy tale for children, entitled "Behind Time," which consists of about twenty-five magazine pages, with illustrations by O. HERFORD. Mr. LATHROP'S signed book reviews are still a feature of the *Star*.

—The late JOSEPH EVANS TEMPLE gave $85,000 to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, $10,000 for American pictures for that institution, and $50,000 to the Museum in Fairmount Park, besides befriending many struggling painters, and enabling some of them to study art in Europe. He left an estate of $1,000,000.

—Professor CHARLES F. CHANDLER, the distinguished chemist, takes no stock in the stories recently printed concerning the man in New Jersey and the child in Georgia on whose bodies the lightning is said to have produced photographs of surrounding objects. "It is possible," he says, "that figures were produced which remotely resembled the objects described. We trace resemblances in the clouds and in hundreds of other objects; but they are merely coincidences, like the strawberry marks, etc. I have very little confidence in the accuracy of ordinary untrained observation, of ordinary statements of things observed, or in the newspaper accounts of wonderful occurrences."

—The enthusiasm at the Grand Army encampment in San Francisco for General SHERMAN was unbounded, and of all the speakers he was greeted the most warmly. His address to the veterans at the camp fire was full of delightful reminiscences of pioneer days. During an excursion to Los Angeles the soldiers saw JOHN BROWN'S two sons, OWEN and JASON, sitting with their families in their wagon, and promptly unhitched their horses, and drew the wagon up the street to the strains of "John Brown's body is marching along."

—For several months Monsignor CAPEL has been educating the children of the Countess VALENSIN in the San Joaquin Valley, California, and writing two books. He is a guest at her country-seat. His aged mother died recently in England.

—An interesting etching by MÉRYON of the harbor and city of San Francisco in 1856 is on exhibition in an art dealer's window in that city. It was made for the late F. L. A. PIOCHE, a French banker, whose fine house on Stockton Street has been converted into a private hospital for women, and is surrounded by squalid tenements.

—Mr. WALT WHITMAN has borne the summer weather well, and apparently suffers no inconvenience from his sunstroke last year. A collection of his poems will soon appear, under the title of *November Boughs*. Meanwhile he is finishing a poem called "Senilia"—an old man's review of a life almost spent.

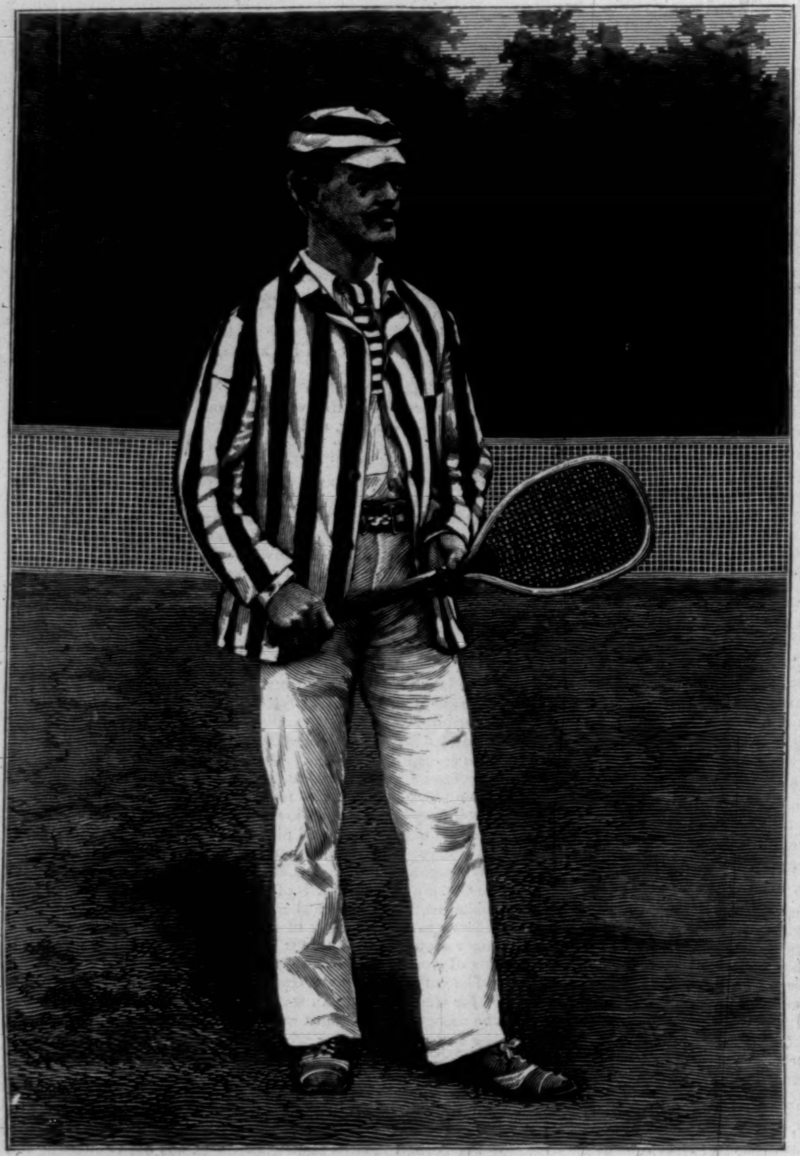
—The VANDERBILT gift to the College of Physicians and Surgeons has no reference to the medical education of women. It was solely for the purpose of providing the college with a better location and more serviceable buildings. Women are admitted to annual courses of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, but are not received as students.

—During her recent visit to this country Madame HENRI GRÉVILLE told a friend that she had cooked many a meal at the broad fireplace in the peasant's cottage, near Cherbourg, where MILLET'S mother prepared the porridge for her boy, and close by the spot where a statue to the painter is being erected.

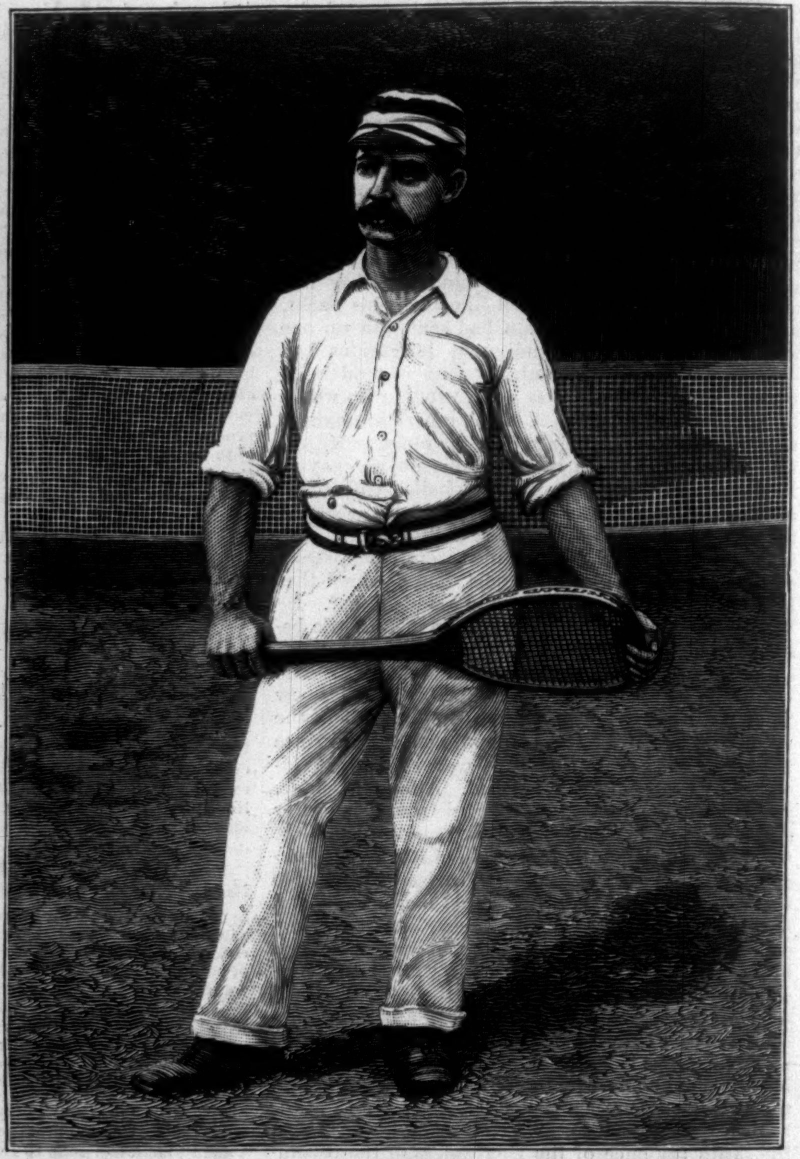
—A Philadelphia girl, Miss NELLIE EVEREST, has been studying vocal music in Paris under Madame MARCHESI; has received from that teacher a certificate of professorship; has sung before LISZT, who went up to her, took her by both hands, and congratulated her; and is now about to return home, not to become a prima donna, not even to go on the stage, but to use her talents and make her living in the modest rôle of a teacher of vocal music, like her father—who has just died—and her mother. An esteemed correspondent of this journal, to whom we are indebted for these facts, adds: "Miss EVEREST is about twenty, bright, vivacious, and thorough in whatever she undertakes, with a petite figure and a level head."

—COROT'S large picture of "Orpheus greeting the Dawn," of which a well-known American landscapist once reverently said that he could paint a replica with cigar ashes and water, was an order from Prince DEMIDOFF, who paid $2000 for it. A companion picture of "Diana in the Woods at Night" was ordered at the same time and price. The two works were bought at the DEMIDOFF sale by a Paris dealer for $700 apiece, and exhibited afterward in London, Vienna, and other cities, but found no purchaser, though offered at $900 apiece. The "Orpheus" has recently been again put on exhibition in this city, and its owner values it at $10,000.

—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the late Mr. H. H. RICHARDSON, the architect, used to think lightly of his design of Trinity Church, Boston, and express a wish that the trustees of the institution had waited a few years until he could have given a plan worthy of him. This paragraph was shown a few days ago to the Rev. Dr. PHILLIPS BROOKS, the rector of the church, and a warm personal friend of Mr. RICHARDSON'S. He replied: "The remark which the newspapers have quoted was made, I think, by Mr. RICHARDSON with reference to the first designs presented by him for Trinity Church, on the strength of which he was chosen to be our architect. The plans then offered were not adopted, and were very different indeed from those which he afterward prepared, and according to which the church was built. In the church as it now stands I am glad to know that he took great satisfaction. There was none of his work for which he felt more affection or honorable pride. It has been proposed by his brethren in the profession to place a memorial of him in Trinity Church, but the project, I believe, has not definitely taken shape."



RICHARD DUDLEY SEARS.

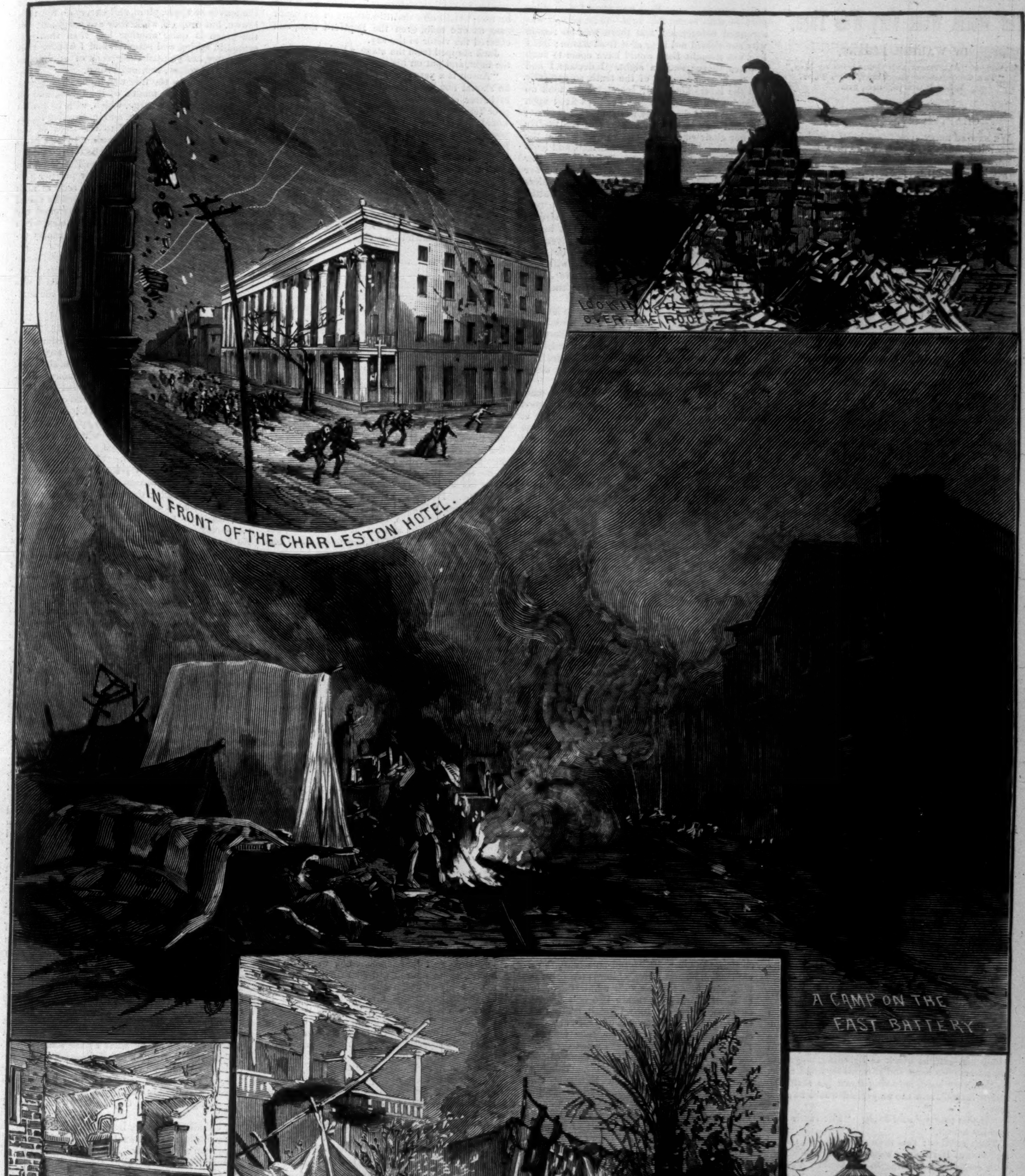


DR. JAMES DWIGHT.

R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN.

HOWARD A. TAYLOR.

LEADING LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. M. BIDWELL.—[SEE PAGE 583.]



INCIDENTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 590.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

We saw so many shows and booths, and Jack appeared so contented and happy in looking at them, that I confess I was in hopes he would forget his promise to fight Aaron, the prospect of which, in this fair, crowded with the rudest and roughest men, pleased me less every moment. But, if you please, his honor was concerned. Therefore when the hour approached he remembered it—to be sure, one might be expected to remember a promise to meet and to fight so big a man as Aaron Fletcher—and he cast about in order to find the amphitheatre or booth where the duello was to be held. We presently found it, on the skirts of the fair, and a little retired from the noise. It proved to be nothing more than a square enclosure of canvas, fastened to upright poles, with no roof. Those who came to see the sport paid an admission fee of one penny. Within the booth there were rough benches set along the sides, and in the middle a broad stage two feet high. There was music playing as we went in, and on the stage a little girl of ten dancing very prettily and merrily. The place was filled: I knew many of the faces: those, namely, of the Deptford men, come to stand by their champion. It appeared as if they knew what was going to take place, for at the sight of the Lieutenant there were passed around looks and nods and every indication of heart-felt joy. Drawers ran about with tankards and mugs of ale, and most of the men were accommodated with pipes of tobacco. There were also some women present, and of what kind may be easily imagined. Sufficient to say that they were fit companions of the men. The people did not greatly care for the dance, which was too simple and innocent for them. When the little girl finished and jumped down from the stage, there came forward a scaramouch dressed in the Italian fashion, who played a hundred tricks, posturing and twirling his legs about as if they had been without bones or joints. But the people were impatient, and bawled for him to have done. Wherefore he too retired, and then they roared for Aaron Fletcher, the Deptford men being foremost in their desire for his appearance. He leaped upon the stage, therefore, quarter-staff in hand, stripped to his shirt, and twirling his weapon over his head as if it had been a little walking-cane. Then the place became hushed, as happens when there is going to be a fight of any kind, because fighting goes to the heart of every man, and makes him serious and anxious at the beginning, but full of fury as the fight goes on. Aaron was a terrible great fellow to look at, thus stripped of his coat and standing on the stage before us all.

"I challenge the best man among ye," he said, looking at the Lieutenant, "gentleman or clown, King's officer or able seaman, for a guinea or a groat, as ye please."

Then he twirled his staff again, and walked round the stage, like a game-cock before the battle.

"Shall I give him a chance with the meaner kind first, to show his mettle and to breathe him?" said Jack. "'Twould be charitable."

There sprang upon the stage from the crowd a stout and lusty youth, not so tall as Aaron, but of good length of limb and resolute face. 'Twas the champion of Eltham, as we learned from the crowd. He was clad in a smock-frock, which he laid aside.

"I will play a bout for a crown," he said, lugging out the money, while his friends shouted.

Then they began; but, Lord! the countryman was no match for the Deptford player, and the shouting of our townsmen was loud to see the play that Aaron made, and the dexterity with which his staff, as quick as lightning, played on his adversary's head and ribs, his legs and arms. So that very soon, throwing down his staff, the fellow leaped from the stage, and would have no more.

"It was pretty," said Jack. "The rustic hath had his lesson."

Then another: this time one who had played and won at Bartholomew Fair, and now advanced with confidence, trusting to his activity and the rapidity of his attack, which were, indeed, astonishing. But, alas! his leaps and bounds were of little avail against the long reach and the heavy hand of the giant; and he fell to rise no more.

Then the mob roared and shouted again.

"This fellow is soon satisfied," said Jack. "It is my turn now."

He laughed, and took off coat, waistcoat, and hat, giving them to me for safety. Thus reduced to his shirt, he stepped forward and mounted the stage, the crowd being overjoyed and beyond themselves in the anticipation of a fight between their champion and a gentleman in laced ruffles, white silk stockings, and powdered hair. Certainly nothing so good as this had ever before been seen at the fair.

Then I became aware of a strange thing. There stood within the door—not sitting down, but standing—just within the folds of the canvas, no other than Bess Westmoreland and her father. Who would have thought to see the Penman at Horn Fair? Nothing could be more out of place than this pair among the water-side men and the ruffians in the booth. Bess stood upright, holding her father's hand, not for her own protection, but to assure him of his safety, while he, stooping and round-shouldered, looked about him, as if fearing violence of some kind.

I now perceived that Bess was come for no other purpose than to see this fight—to be sure, it was arranged beforehand, and there was no reason why she should not hear of it from Aaron; but I had not thought Bess would have come to such a place to see such a sight. I declare I had not the least suspicion of the truth, so carefully had the lovers kept their secret. Bess took no notice at all of the rabble, her eyes fixed upon the stage as if the people were not even present; no great lady waiting at the door of the theatre for her chair could look more proudly upon the common herd—the linkboys, chairmen, and lookers-on—as if they were beneath her notice. Her lips were set, and her brow contracted, and her cheek was pale; but I knew not the cause, unless it were from terror at the approaching battle. Yet why did she come to see it?

Jack took the quarter-staff, which had already been used twice ineffectually, poised it in his hands, and turned a smiling face to his adversary.

"I have kept my promise, Aaron," he said; but this the mob did not hear. "We will fight for that shilling. Bess is in the doorway, looking on. It seems as if we were fighting for more than a shilling, does it not?"

Aaron made no reply in words, but he laughed aloud. Perhaps he remembered how, seven years before, when last he fought with Jack, Bess was looking on at his defeat. This time he was confident in his strength. She was come again, looking to see him worsted. She should be disappointed.

There was no lack of courage about the man. Courage he had, and plenty. He was a good three inches taller than his adversary, which at quarter-staff gives a great advantage; he was quick of eye and of fence; he was heavier and stronger; and his first two combats had scarcely breathed him. On the other hand, he was opposed to a man who for six years and more had led the hardest life possible, with no indulgences—wine, beer, tobacco, indolence, or anything to soften his muscles or dim the eye. Now Aaron, as everybody knew, was fond of a glass, and though no sot, once a week or so was drunk. And he had already begun to put on flesh. As they stood face to face one might have gone a hundred miles and never seen so fine a couple.

And then, at tap of drum, the fight began, and for a while everybody was mute.

Jack, I perceived, was resolved at first to stand on the defensive, for two reasons. First, because his enemy showed wrath in his scowling eyes, and therefore would, perhaps, spend his breath and strength in furious onslaught. Next, because, as he told me afterward, it was not until he held the weapon in his hands that he remembered he had not played for four years and more. One would think he might have remembered so important a fact before. It is an admirable custom in some ships for the crew, both officers and men, to amuse themselves daily at quarter-staff, single-stick, and boxing; but Jack had been out of a ship for four years. Still, if his hand was a little out, his eye was true. Aaron's game was twofold. First, he would beat down and overpower his man by superior strength and advantage in reach; and secondly, by feints and leaps, shifting his ground, and changing the length of his weapon, by coming to close quarters and then retreating, to cheat his adversary's eye and disconcert him even for a single moment, when he would deal him a decisive stroke. This was a very good design, and hath often served. But Jack was not to be so caught. No man at quarter-staff, however strong, can beat down an adversary who has learnt the art of parry, which is more than half the battle; no man, however quick and active, can disconcert an enemy who knows how to follow his eyes steadily. Jack, therefore, lost no ground and was never touched, so that, though he delivered no stroke, the ease with which he met Aaron's blows presently caused the spectators to roar with admiration. In all kinds of fighting there are two first principles, or rules, to be carefully learned. The first of these is never to lose sight of your enemy's eye, and the next is never to lose your temper. A third is to know how to strike when the occasion comes. If a man at this rough game chance to lose his temper, he loses the game. This is what Aaron did. It maddened him that he could not strike his enemy, and it maddened him still more to hear the roars of the people at the dexterity which defeated him. Moreover, he knew that Bess was looking on; therefore he became more furious, and delivered his blows more rapidly, but with less precision. "Don't fight wild, Aaron," shouted his friends, but too late; while the fellows in the booth began to jeer and laugh at him, asking why he did not strike his man, with a "Now, Aaron! now's your turn! Hit him on the head. There's a brave stroke missed," and so on, foreseeing that if the Lieutenant could only keep cool and wait for his chance, the victory would be his.

Jack told me afterward that while they played the old skill came back to him, and his confidence; so that he could afford to play with his man and bide his time, receiving all the blows, whether at full length, half length, or close quarters, with patience and good temper.

This strange duel, in which one man struck and the other only parried, lasted long: insomuch that the spectators left off shouting, and looked on with open mouths. It lasted so long that Aaron was now raging and foaming, breathing heavily, and plunging as he struck with the staff. As for me, I wondered why Jack did not strike. He had his reason: he wished to strike but once, and therefore he waited. At last the chance came. Aaron left his head exposed, and then, with a thud which might have been heard outside the booth, the Lieutenant's staff resounded on the side of his enemy's head, and Aaron fell prone upon the stage—senseless.

It is said that when a gentleman fights a common fellow, the mob is always pleased that the gentleman shall be victorious. I know not if this be true, but I know that the fellows in the booth rose as one man, even the Deptford men, and cheered the victor to the sky.

Jack stepped from the stage, a little heated by the fight, and put on his coat, waistcoat, and hat.

"Aaron is a very pretty player," he said, "but he should not have challenged me until he was in better condition. There were half a dozen poor fellows aboard the *Countess of Dorset* who would have beaten him. Here, my lads"—he now became again an officer—"Aaron is a Deptford man, like me. Take care of him, and spend this guinea in drinking the King's health."

So the fellows tossed their greasy caps in the air, and the tapsters tied their apron-strings tighter, and began to run about with tankards and mugs while the guinea was drinking out, and Jack strode down the booth, the men making a lane for him, and crying, "Huzza! for the noble Captain!" Meanwhile no one took any notice of the fallen champion, who presently recovered some of his senses, and sat up, staring about him with distracted eyes.

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland," said Jack at the door, as if he had not seen him before, "you at Horn Fair? I might as soon have expected to see you at Vauxhall."

"Nay, sir, your Honor knows I value not such merriment. But Bess would bring me here. 'Tis a wilful girl. Nothing would serve her but she must see the humors of the fair. Girls still crave for mirth."

"You ought to be at home among your books, Mr. Westmoreland. Go home. Luke will walk with you, and I will take care of Bess—good care, good care—and bring her safe home, after she has seen the fair. Come, Bess, will you see the wild beasts, or the slack-rope dancers? Take him home, Luke; take him home."

So saying, he seized Bess by the hand, and drew her away, leaving the old man, her father, with me. I observed that though Bess cried, "Oh!" and "Pray, Lieutenant," and "Don't, Lieutenant," and "Fie, Lieutenant," she laughed, and took his hand without any reluctance, but rather a visible satisfaction, because she had certainly got the properest man in all the fair.

The next day I learned from Jack that he had taken Bess to every show at the fair; that he had given her as noble a supper as the place afforded; that he had fought and overthrown three fellows who waylaid them on the road home, and would have robbed him of his money as well as his fair charge; and that he safely convoyed her, about midnight, to her father's door. The Admiral heard of the evening's adventure, and laughed, saying that Bess was a lucky girl to get such a proper fellow to show her the fair. But I do not think that either Jack or the Admiral related the story of the fight, and the subsequent doings, to Madame and Castilla.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

I am a dull person in suspecting or guessing at passages of love. Yet I had seen Bess dragging her father to Horn Fair in order to witness the fight, and I marked the flash of triumph in her eyes when Aaron fell, and the unconcealed pleasure with which she accompanied the victor.

On Sunday morning, a day or two after the fair, another thing happened which ought to have made me suspect. It was in church. Soon after the service of Morning Prayer began I observed an unwonted agitation among the feminine part of the congregation, and presently discovered that the eyes of all were, with one consent, directed upon a certain seat in the north aisle, occupied by Bess Westmoreland and her father. The reason of this phenomenon was that Bess had come to church attired in a very fine new frock made of nothing less than sarsnet, with a flowered petticoat, a lawn kerchief about her neck, and a hat trimmed with silk ribbons, so that among the women around her in their scarlet flannel, and the girls in their plain camblet, linsey-woolsey, and russet, she looked like a rose among the weeds of the hedge. Few of the gentlewomen in the church were more finely dressed. As to them, their eyes plainly said, if eyes can speak, "Saw one ever such presumption?" And as for the baser sort, they first gazed with admiration and envy unspeakable, and then sniffed and tossed their heads, as if nothing would have induced them to put on such fine things: and then they looked at each other, each with the same question trembling on her tongue, each one longing to ask aloud, "Who gave her the things?" For there is some strange quality in the female conscience (I mean only in a seaport town) which enables every girl to accept joyfully and gratefully whatever a man may give her, and at the same time to flout and scorn all other girls for doing the same thing; so that what is a virtue in herself must be a clear sign of immodesty or forwardness in another.

After dinner, the afternoon being warm and sunny, I took my hat and walked leisurely toward those gardens of which I have already spoken, where were the orchards of plum, pear, apple, and cherry, and where the old summer-house overlooked the Creek. It would be, I thought, pleasant in the gardens with no one but myself, and I could walk about among the trees, watching the gray lichen on the bark and the sober tints of the autumnal leaves, and perhaps find, in the view of the Greenwich Reach, something new to observe and note. One whose profession is to paint ships of all kinds can never grow weary of watching them, whether at anchor or in motion; just as one who paints figures loves to be forever contemplating the human figure, whether in action or in repose.

The air was still and soft, the day warm, although it was already the twentieth day of October. The fruit was all picked now, and the leaves beginning to dry at their stalks, because the leaves of apple, plum, and cherry do not turn brown, but drop off while they are yet green; yet the green is quite another hue than that presented in spring and summer, and I wonder that no painter has painted the greens of autumn, as well as the yellow, red, and brown.

This afternoon the tide was high. There was moored close to the mouth of the Creek, and on the opposite bank, a barge, which, with its brown sail lowered, its thick mast, and its hanging ropes, formed so pretty a set-off to the trees of the orchard beyond that I stood awhile to gaze upon it. I have drawn many barges, below the bridge at Wapping Stairs, and in Chelsea Reach, and in other places, but I never drew any prettier picture than that of the barge in the Creek at high tide, the woods behind it; only, as artists can, I made a change. For I presently sketched the barge, and waited until the following spring, when I painted a background of apple and cherry orchards in blossom.

Well, when I had looked at my barge and made a note of it, and of one or two other things, being in a leisurely mood, and quite certain that I was alone in the garden, I lifted the latch of the summer-house door and walked in.

I declare that I suspected nothing. If I had known who were in the place I should have beat a drum, or blown a trumpet, or fired a cannon, to announce my approach, sooner than steal thus unawares upon them. But I did nothing, and pushed the door open without ceremony. Heavens! There was Bess Westmoreland, her head upon Jack's shoulder, while his hand clasped her waist and his lips kissed her cheek! Who would have suspected this? I was so surprised that I stood speechless, I dare say with mouth wide open, as one sees on the stage, where gestures of all kinds are exaggerated. Yet not so amazed but I saw what a pretty picture they made, he in his blue coat and crimson sash and his hat with the King's cockade; she in the pretty frock for which the women were now railing at her behind her back. A young man and a beautiful girl embracing cannot but make a pretty picture. As for this, I made a sketch in oils six months later. Bess stood to me for her portrait very willingly when I promised that the picture should be given to her sweetheart when he should return. As for the Lieutenant, I got a fellow, for a shilling or two, to stand in the attitude I wanted, while the face I drew from memory, with the assistance of Bess. I painted them in the summer-house, and through the window you can see a ship slowly going down the river. For a reason, which you will presently learn, I never gave that picture to Jack; and, for my own reason, I have not sold it, but keep it hung up at home in my studio, though Castilla loves it not, and will never, if she can help it, look upon it—perhaps because the picture renders scant justice to the beauty of Bess, whose flushed cheeks, parted lips, and heaving bosom I endeavored, but perhaps with insufficient success, to portray upon the canvas. Nor, I am aware, is justice done to the passion expressed in the lover's eyes, in his bending head, nay, even in the arms with which he held the nymph to his heart.

"Zounds!" cried Jack, as Bess screamed and started, and pushed him back, and sunk upon the bench, her face in her hands. "Zounds and fury!" He stepped forward, his fists clinched, fire and distraction in his eyes. He was so carried away with his wrath that he did not at first even recognize me, and made as if he would draw his sword and make an end of me.

"Why, Jack," I cried, "I knew not thou wert here! How should I know?"

Upon this he let fly a round dozen or so of sailors' oaths, such as may be heard in Flagon Row or Anchorsmith Alley, sound and weighty oaths, every one more profane than its predecessor. The language of the fo'k'sle is, we know, readily and greedily acquired by every officer, and is too often adopted as his own to the end of his days.

"I knew not, Jack, indeed," I repeated, "that any one was here. What? Should I spy on your actions? As for what I have seen—"

"Let me go, Jack!" cried Bess; "oh, let me go! He will tell my father, who will send me away for a servant. And perhaps he will tell Aaron, who would murder you, if he could, without being hanged! Oh, Jack! what shall I do?"

"I shall tell no one, Bess," I said. "Why, it is no business of mine to go repeating what I have seen accidentally. Am I the town barber?"

Jack looked doubtfully; then he laughed.

"Cheer up, Bess," he said: "no harm is done. Luke will never betray an old friend. He came here to draw the ships, which is all he thinks about. He will go away, and he will forget all about it."

"Nay," I said, "I shall not forget. But I shall hold my tongue."

"I won't trust no one—only you, Jack," said the girl.

"Hark ye, Luke"—Jack drew her closer to himself, and laid his arm round her neck—"hark ye, lad. Thou hast discovered what was not meant for thee—nor for any one—to know. That signifies nothing for a lad of honor. But for Bess's sake, swear it. Take an oath upon it."

"I swear, Bess," I declared to her, "that I will speak no single word of what I have seen and learned. If there were a Bible here, I would kiss the book to please you. You may trust me, Bess."

"You may, indeed, Bess," said Jack. "Hands upon it, lad."

So we shook hands, and in all that followed afterward I told nobody what had happened; and the thing was so managed that it was never suspected by any one except Aaron. It seems wonderful that no one in Deptford found it out, because it is a place where one half the women are continually employed in watching and spying

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upon the other half, and find their chief happiness in detecting things which it was desired to keep secret, forgetting that others are employed in exactly the same inquiry after their secrets. Just so one hath observed a row of monkeys in cages, each thieving from one neighbor's dish, while the other steals from his.

"Trust all or none, Luke," said Jack. "Thou-shalt know all, and be a witness between us. Listen. I have told Bess that I love her, and that when I come home again I will marry her. If I had not fallen in love with so much beauty and loveliness, I should have been a most insensate wretch, unworthy to be called a man. Was there ever a more charming nymph?" He kissed her again, while her great eyes swam with the pleasure of so much praise. "Thou shalt paint her for me, Luke. And as for Bess, she says that she loves me. I believe she lies, because how such a girl, so soft and tender, can love a rough sea-bear like me, who knows none of the ways to please a woman, passes understanding. But she says she does, and I will question her farther upon this point when thy great ugly phiz is no more blocking up the gangway. And she will not believe that I am in earnest, Luke. That is my trouble with her. She will have that I shall go away and forget her, as many sailors do."

"So he will," said Bess. "They all go away and forget the girls who loved them. And then I shall break my heart and die; if I don't, I shall hang myself."

"So, Luke, listen and be a witness. What do I care who her father is? Such a girl deserves to be the daughter of a Commodore. Talk not to me of gentlewomen born. Where is there any woman, gentle or simple, with such eyes as Bess, such lips as Bess, such hair as Bess?" I declare he kept kissing her at each sentence, she making no manner of resistance. "So I will swear to her, in thy presence, Luke, to make it more solemn, and to make her believe my word. I, Jack Easterbrook"—he took her hand at this point, as if he were actually marrying her in church, and by the minister or priest—"I, Jack Easterbrook, do solemnly promise and vow that I will never make love to any other woman and never marry any other woman than Bess Westmoreland, and that I will never think of any other woman at home or in foreign parts. First, I must get commissioned; and then, when the war is over, I will come back and marry my Bess. Kiss me again, girl. This is my solemn promise and oath, in which I will not fail, SO HELP ME GOD!"

I have often since that day wondered at the amazing force of the passion which could make so young a man call down upon himself the awful vengeance of offending Omnipotence if he broke a vow of constancy toward a girl he had seen but twice or thrice; for I count as nothing the time when she was a child, and he came to her father for lessons.

As he spoke the last words his eyes grew dim with tenderness, and he stooped and kissed the girl on her forehead, as if to seal and consecrate the vow. As for her, she was transfigured. I could not believe that love could so powerfully change a woman's face. She had reason for triumph; but it was not triumph in her eyes; rather was it a kind of humble pride—a wondering joy that so gallant a man should love her, with a doubt whether it was not, after all, a passing fancy, and a fear that she should not fix his affections.

"Oh!" she sighed—"oh, Jack!" and could find no more words.

"Bess," I said, "vows ought not to be all on one side. If Jack promises so much, what hast thou to promise in thy turn?"

"Tell me what to say. Oh! I am only a poor girl. What can I promise him? I am so ignorant that I do not know what to promise. Jack, do you want me to say that I will be faithful? No—you cannot. Why, is there any man in the world to compare with you? If a woman cannot be true and constant to you, she can not be true to any man. As for the rest of them, I value not one of them a brass farthing. Oh!" she laughed and clasped her hands. "Why, I am content to be his slave, Luke—yes, his slave, to toil and work for him all day long—his slave—his servant—" She fell on her knees before him. "Oh, Jack, command me what you please! I want nothing more than to obey your orders."

Wonderful it was how love made this ignorant and wilful girl at once eloquent and humble. Jack lifted her up, and held her by both hands.

"You are a King's officer, Jack," she went on, speaking rapidly. "I must try so that you shall not be ashamed of your wife. I am but the daughter of a Penman, I know. He writes letters for sailors, and teaches mathematics to midshipmen and young sailor officers, if there are any. But I have time to learn, and I will find out how to bear myself like a gentlewoman, and to talk like one, and to dress myself as a gentleman's wife ought to dress herself. I will make my father teach me to read and to write, and as for manners—I will go to Mr. Brinjes. He will do anything in the world for you, Jack, and for the woman of your choice."

One could not choose but laugh at thinking of Mr. Brinjes as a teacher of polite manners and conversation. He had learned the most approved fashion, no doubt, among the Mandingoes and the Coromantyns. Yet the earnest and serious manner in which the girl spoke made the matter moving. However, enough was said, and I offered to go, but she caught me by the hand.

"Stay, Luke," she whispered. "Jack, some of you break your vows; but you will not, Jack—you will not? As for me, I need not promise, for I cannot choose but be true to mine."

She laid her head upon his breast, and I left them, shutting the door behind me, and going very softly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

When the cutter *Genesta* was here last season, nothing surprised her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, or her captain, Mr. Carter, so much as the vast collection of excursion steamers which gathered at the places of start and finish of the races for the *America's* Cup. "We never had anything of this kind in England," said Captain Carter; "our people would not think of turning out in this manner."

The great outside interest taken in this event accounts for the large fleet of steamers which carried such surprise to honest John Carter. A peculiarity of the crowd which throngs the deck of the excursion steamer on an occasion of this kind is that not more than half of those on board can at a glance tell the difference between a coaster and a yacht, and only a few of those present are able to follow intelligently the movements of the racing yachts. Still, all have their fill of fresh sea-air, and all get more than the full value of their money. In the race at Marblehead this season, at the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, so great was the demand for the excursion steamer that there was not one disengaged in Boston or any of the neighboring ports. New York is generally equal to almost any demand, but in the case of the *Genesta* and *Puritan* races the supply here was exhausted, and Boston had to be drawn upon to satisfy the demand. While a very enjoyable excursion may be had in this democratic fashion, there is no doubt that the most luxurious fashion of going to see a yacht race is to view it, as Mr. Thulstrup has depicted it, from the deck of a steam-yacht.

John Bull is persevering, and not discouraged by defeat. He waited nineteen years after the *America* took the cup that has become the trophy of yachting superiority, before he thought he had sufficiently improved his yacht to make her the equal of the Yankee craft, and then he came for it in the *Cambria*. The boat was all right, but John had much to unlearn and learn about canvas and rigging. It has taken him fourteen years to learn this lesson, but he has learned it very perfectly; and in the matter of sit of canvas or utility of rig the Americans have had to take second place, and in many points to copy from the British rigger and sail-maker. The bridles on the gaff, the runners from the mast-head, the short lower mast, long topmast, and long gaff are all "English, you know," but the American yachtsmen have been forced to adopt them. In model—well, the *Galatea* and the *Mayflower* look so much alike that an inexpert eye will not detect any difference, and a Boston paper which upon her arrival printed a picture of the *Galatea* was accused of using its old plate of the *Mayflower*.

Below the water-line there is no doubt that the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* are inspirations of the British cutter. They are not copies of the cutter model, but they are improvements upon it. The centre-board is both an addition and an improvement, but either of the three can go without it as a keel yacht, and the inferiority of the *Priscilla* is that with her centre-board she has no keel; and if the *Galatea* does not carry back the cup, and the *Irex* comes for it next year and meets with disappointment, the yacht that will then be built in Great Britain, designed solely for speed and to capture this world-wide trophy, will, in all human probability, have the centre-board in addition to the keel.

The result, therefore, of the offer of this cup as a challenge prize has been to gradually assimilate the two distinct types of yacht, preserving the best features of each. In 1870, when Mr. Ashbury first came for it in the *Cambria*, what could have been imagined more dissimilar than models like those of the *Vision*, *Gracie*, *Addie*, *Fanny*, etc., and single-sticked yachts of the same lengths in Great Britain? Gradually they have approached each other, until the red streak and gilt ribbon are necessary to enable the non-professional to distinguish between the *Galatea* and the *Mayflower*. The *Cambria* was not so much unlike the American schooners, and the *Livonia* came still nearer in resemblance. Probably if the cutter rig had not come into such prominence among the racing yachts of Great Britain, and had not proved so superior in speed to all others, the schooner would have been improved upon until a vessel of that rig would have been evolved good enough to capture the cup, for the schooner was by all odds the best for the voyage across the ocean. In fact, the cutter would have been here long before 1885 if it had not been for some doubt as to whether so deep and narrow a model, heavily weighted with lead, could successfully cross the Atlantic.

LAWN-TENNIS AT NEWPORT.

The National Lawn-tennis Association's sixth annual tournament, which was closed at Newport on August 28, brought out a brilliant winner to compete with Mr. Sears for the championship of America, but not one who was able to beat thec hampion. Mr. Beeckman, who won the All-Comers prize this year, and who in winning it won also the right to be pitted against Mr. Sears for the championship, is an exceedingly graceful player, and, as his work in this tournament has shown, a strong one as well. It was not expected by the experts that he would win the All-Comers prize this year, Dr. Dwight being the first favorite and Mr. Taylor the second. There was a general desire to see Dr. Dwight and the champion brought together, but the Doctor was put out of the contest in the first day's play by Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Taylor himself was obliged to succumb finally to the dash of his young opponent.

In the first day's play, on August 23, Dr. Dwight and Mr. Taylor were pitted against each other, the conditions being the best three in five. Each of the players won two sets, the Doctor winning by easy and brilliant and Mr. Taylor by swift and forcible play. The deciding set fell to Mr. Taylor after a long and most exciting battle.

It was thought by many, after the defeat of Dr. Dwight, that there could surely be nobody to come between Mr. Taylor and the All-Comers prize, but this estimate was as unwarranted as many others proved to be in the course of the last tournament. Mr. Taylor beat Mr. Clark in three straight sets on the fourth day. In the mean time Mr. Beeckman had beaten Mr. Miller in three straight sets, Mr. Mansfield in three out of four, and Mr. Chase in three straight; and this brought Mr. Taylor and Mr. Beeckman together for the decisive match for the All-Comers prize on the fifth day. The first set in this match was won by Mr. Taylor, and it was still not doubted that the prize would fall to him; but Mr. Beeckman won the next three sets, and the match, and the All-Comers prize, in spite of all thought and all theory. But, as said, when Mr. Beeckman came to meet Mr. Sears on the following day he found the odds too heavy. Mr. Sears won three sets out of four, and the championship still rests in the hands that have held it during six uninterrupted years.

Mr. Richard Dudley Sears needs to play but one more winning game for the championship in order to hold it finally. He is twenty-five years old, and a graduate of Harvard in the class of '83. His record at tennis places him easily at the head of all tennis-players in this country. It is probable that he is twenty per cent. better than the best of the other players here. When he played in England, during the spring and early summer of 1884, it was considered that there were about ten among the English players who could beat him, but it is not probable that there are more than six men in England who can beat him to-day. At doubles, in which he and Dr. Dwight played together, there were only one pair in England who were superior, and they were the famous Renshaw brothers, the English champions. Mr. Sears is about five feet nine inches in height, lithe and graceful.

Dr. James Dwight, of Boston, whom so many wished to see pitted against Mr. Sears at the close of this tournament, is thirty-six years of age, and about five feet four inches in height. He has probably done more than any other man for the advancement of American tennis playing. For the last year and a half or more he has been playing in England and the south of France. He is, of course, an exceedingly finished player. Like Mr. Sears and the Renshaws, he is a famous volleyer.

Mr. R. Livingston Beeckman is about twenty years of age, and five feet eleven inches in height. In addition to his triumph at the Newport tournament, he has been the winner of every important tournament held this year. He is the most graceful and easy of all the American players, his style being considered superior even to that of Mr. Sears.

Mr. Howard A. Taylor is twenty years of age. Like Dr. Dwight, he is a small man, being about five feet five inches in height. Last year he neglected the tennis tournaments, and he neglected them again this year until he entered the one at Newport. It is probable, however, that he has continued his practice privately. He is perhaps a better player than Mr. Beeckman, with more pluck and nerve, but his style is not equal to that of the last winner of the All-Comers Prize.

In the doubles at the tournament Messrs. Sears and Dwight had little trouble in maintaining first place.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Judging from a newspaper account, there is a great deal of injustice visited upon the physicians of Russia. The Russian physician's fee is a "monument of tyranny," the account says; but it seems out of place to call anything so small a monument, the fee for ordinary visits being a trifle varying between seven and a half and fifteen cents. In China, where there is a like condition of niggardly fees, the physicians have an ingenious way of protecting themselves, but the Russian physician is an unprotected slave, according to the account from which we are quoting. The law compels him to answer every summons under penalty of a fine varying from one dollar to twenty, and if he neglects a grave case he is put into jail for three months. Of course it is plain that a Russian physician might wear himself out in making visits at seven and a half cents each, and at the close of a day, being prostrated and utterly unable to answer a final call, find his entire profits swept away and himself deeply in debt by reason of a single fine. It would be better for him to neglect a grave case and go to jail, where he would at least have rest. Still better would it be for him to adopt the device of his professional brother of China, and administer such nauseous medicines that people would perish rather than call him in. The smaller the practice, the luckier the doctor, when fees are no bigger than car fares.

The numerous great woodland fires lately have set thought working, and the proposition is submitted that the gum of the pine-tree, acting as a lens, concentrates the sun's rays upon some convenient bit of tinder, and so starts the little flame that speedily broadens, and finally consumes a forest. Anybody who doubts the probability of this has only to obtain a piece of pine-tree gum, and undertake to kindle a fire with it in the manner stated. It might not do for a person of short patience, in a hurry for the kettle to boil, but it would be just the thing for calm and indefatigable philosophers. It is a wonder that it was never thought of by all the people who have from time to time been caught in the wilderness without matches, and who have almost invariably resorted to the exhausting device of rubbing dry sticks together. Perhaps, by-the-way, the forests that have been burned lately were set on fire by the rubbing of their dry sticks together. That is possible, and it is possible also that some person was abroad in them who was careless with his matches, or in attending to the moderate fire which he had started for the purposes of cooking or otherwise for his own comfort.

The process of exaggeration which goes on with Eastern newspaper reports as they travel West is strikingly shown in a recent instance. A report originating in Philadelphia stated simply that a horse belonging to an oyster dealer in that town had formed a habit of eating oysters, and seemed to like them. When that report reached St. Louis it stated that a horse in Philadelphia regularly ate oysters off the half-shell. Now from Denver comes the astonishing information that an enormous oyster in a Philadelphia market recently bit off the leg of a horse!

The difference between what appears to be and what is is sometimes curiously illustrated. While a menagerie was entering the city of Portsmouth, in England, lately, a large elephant broke away and ran into the barracks. From his terrific trumpeting, the snapping of his eyes, and the nervous energy of his movements it was supposed that he was angry and bent on dangerous mischief, and this impression was strengthened when, meeting a sentry, he removed the soldier by winding his trunk about him and tossing him to one side. Nevertheless the intentions of the elephant were quite peaceable and ordinary. After upsetting the sentry he galloped across the barrack square to a bench upon which a dish of potatoes and a bucket of water were standing, and having eaten the potatoes and drunk the water, returned quietly to his place in the menagerie line. If the sentry had not happened to be between the hungry elephant and this bit of free lunch he would not have been upset.

HE. "Mr. Sullivan seems to be laboring awfully."
SHE. "Is that Mr. Sullivan? I now understand what brother Jack meant when he said—is his way, you know—'If Sullivan does not take care of his health, he will not be able to meet heavy-weights much longer.'"

SEEING THE YACHT RACE.—DRAWN

WN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

PATTY? OR THE PISTOL?

A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY.

IN ONE ACT.

By OLIVE LOGAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Clown, MR. RANDOLPH REX, *aged* 23. *Address, Washington Square, New York.*
Punch, COLONEL SAM SHIVERTREE, *aged* 56. *Address, the country at large.*
Reporter for the "Society Spy-Glass," MR. BUSTED, *aged* 30. *Address, at the office of the paper.*
Confidential Man-Servant, MR. GONEUP, *aged* 36. *Address, at present employer's.*
Patty, the widow (of whom beware), MRS. PATTY PERPLEXITY, *aged* —. *Address, the Pacific coast.*

SCENE.—A garden at night. Trees hung with Japanese lanterns. Music heard in the distance.

Enter the REPORTER FOR THE "SOCIETY SPY-GLASS."

Reporter. Positively one of the most successful entertainments ever given in New York! So new, too! [*Sits on bench.*] Ladies and gentlemen belonging to the most exclusive circles of society hire an illuminated beer-garden, and give living realizations of well-known pictures, at five dollars a ticket, in aid of the combined charities of the metropolis. Oh, charity! Rare virtue! Fearfully rare virtue! I never had any myself. Fearfully rare! I never had any virtue whatever, rare or well done.

Enter a CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT.

C. Man-Servant (*observing* REPORTER). A person sitting on a bench under the trees, and not talking to anybody! Citizen George Francis Train should sue him for colorable imitation. What, ho! there!

Reporter. No hoe whatever. I haven't the smallest article of the kind about me. You can search me if you doubt it. I am not an agriculturist at all. True, I unearth things. I am a reporter for the society papers. My business is to dig up scandals; and I always call a spade a spade.

C. Man-Servant. A spade a spade! Oh no; a reporter of your stamp would not call a spade a spade. He would allude to the unoffending shovel as a—hem! hem!—agricultural implement.

Reporter. Your appreciation of the approved journalistic style is keen. Perchance you yourself are a member of the editorial craft, and may have won your spurs at Cincinnati? If so, your servant, sir! I know how to recognize my superiors.

C. Man-Servant. You mistake. I have dealt in muriatic acid, but not that kind. My father left me a chemical works.

Reporter. Happy father!

C. Man-Servant. True. He had me as a son.

Reporter. And surely the chemical works must have been capable of producing antidotes even for the worst mishaps. One of your sort, for instance.

C. Man-Servant (*bowing*). You do me proud. But I have seen your face before.

Reporter. Possibly. That is where I always carry it.

C. Man-Servant. I know I have seen your face before. I am certain of it. When I am certain of a thing, I always know it.

Reporter. Singular man!

C. Man-Servant. I am proud of my singularity, sir—particularly as regards the sex. Plurality in wives I regard as an offence. Mormonism must go.

Reporter (*rising*). So must I.

C. Man-Servant. One moment, sir. I am not mistaken—you are—?

Reporter. I am.

C. Man-Servant. I was sure of it. When I am dead-sure of a thing in that way I always want to find somebody, who thinks the contrary, to bet with.

Reporter. Sorry I can't oblige. I never bet myself.

C. Man-Servant. You are wise. Your value, as a stake, is trifling. You are not money—reporters never are; you are not even a cup.

Reporter. Nevertheless I can hold almost any given quantity.

C. Man-Servant. Hem! Pardon my seeming obtuseness, but the fact is, the beer sold in this garden is from a boycotted firm, which I am bound in honor not to patronize.

Reporter. Bound in what?

C. Man-Servant. In honor.

Reporter. Hem! Pardon my seeming obtuseness, but the fact is, I do not understand the foreign language you are now amusing yourself by speaking.

C. Man-Servant (*sits on bench, with leg up, carelessly*). Come now, Ben Busted, tell me by what extraordinary circumstance you, one of the gilded youth of New York, heir to a fortune and a fine family name, are now seen in the humble and not altogether savory capacity of reporter for the society papers.

Reporter. The same not extraordinary but very ordinary circumstance which has reduced you yourself, Gordon Goneup, a man about town, and well-known club lounger in every city of the two hemispheres, to some low level in the social world which I do not as yet quite fix. What are you, Gordon?

C. Man-Servant. I am a confidential man-servant.

Reporter (*in surprise*). Indeed! To whom?

C. Man-Servant. To a gentleman of New York.

Reporter. That statement confines guessing to a narrow circle. I shall call them all off, and when I see your face change I shall know I've hit the right one, as the spiritual mediums do when they tell you the Christian name of your dead grandmother on the father's side.

C. Man-Servant. I like being a man-servant with a gentleman better than being a gentleman with a man-servant.

Reporter. You surprise me. You are democratic indeed. George Washington himself was less so. Even the present President falls short of the Jeffersonian simplicity of which you boast.

C. Man-Servant. I'd rather be right than President.

Reporter. The people of the United States would rather you would too, I'm sure.

C. Man-Servant. Then all are satisfied. What can we wish for more? Shake hands.

[*They shake hands.*

Reporter. Is it possible that you have squandered your entire fortune, Gordon?

C. Man-Servant. Yes. I have run through the chemical works.

Reporter. Dear me! Now I should have thought that, on the contrary, the chemical works—

C. Man-Servant. Oh no. I am a wonderful alchemist. I got the whip-hand of them. I turned everything into greenbacks.

Reporter. And then turned greenbacks into everything. Just my case. Now all's gone—nothing left. But tell me, does your employer move in the very highest circles of society?

C. Man-Servant. He scales the Righi Culm of the Alps of American fashion.

Reporter. Dear me! How exalted! I wonder if you and I could not make a deal?

C. Man-Servant. Don't ask me to write a letter to you saying I will wait upon him as you direct. I do not wish to be indicted.

Reporter. No. Something easier than that; something done quite in—in—what was that peculiar word you used just now?

[*Lays his finger on his brow, as if in thought.*

C. Man-Servant. Honor?

Reporter (*snaps his fingers*). That's it! Knew I'd heard the word before. Learnt it at school. Haven't thought of it since. Forgot it along with my Greek and Hebrew. What I was going to propose is this. You live in luxury, do you not?

C. Man-Servant. I do. What is being a servant such as I am? Merely the other side to being a gentleman such as I was. Same pleasures, same table, same carriages, horses, yachts, opera-boxes, and so on. Less the consideration, true; but, on the other hand, less the responsibility, which equalizes the matter to a nicety. What can I do to oblige you?

Reporter. Just this. You can give me items for my paper of what goes on in the circles of high life. Like this, you know: Albert Scotland has given his mother's diamonds to a Parisian soubrette; Mrs. Pompadour Dubarry is a friend of Mr Sovereign King. All that sort of thing. Do you take?

C. Man-Servant (*holds out his hand*). Yes, anything.

Reporter Oh, that's all right. The paper is generous for a beat in scandal. We will go shares in what I earn.

C. Man-Servant. Very good. You shall hear from me shortly. I can give you cart-loads of the sort of thing you want. Well, ta-ta.

[*Holds out hand.*

Reporter. You are going?

C. Man-Servant. Yes; I see my employer yonder. He may come this way.

Reporter. And you walk off the other?

C. Man-Servant. Quite so. He might want me to do something for him, and I'd rather not.

[*Strolls off leisurely through trees at back.*

Reporter (*solus*). Big stroke of luck, my meeting him. I shall dispose of all I can write now, and then I'll be exhibited in the dime museums as the greatest curiosity ever known in the journalistic world. But haste! Let me make some memoranda of this evening scene in the note-book of the society reporter—my shirt cuff.

[*Pulls down shirt cuff, and writes on it with pencil.*

Enter CLOWN *and* PUNCH, *with fencing foils.*

Clown (*handing fencing foils to* REPORTER). Would you kindly oblige by acting as second to both of us in our approaching duel?

Reporter (*aside*). A duel between the Clown and Punch of the most successful picture of the evening! Here's luck! Two columns at least. [*Aloud.*] With pleasure.

Punch (*striding about*). Oh, cruel fate! To kill my best friend!

Clown (*skipping after him*). To run a man through, when you decidedly prefer him without any holes in him! Oh, remorseless necessity!

Reporter. But only on condition that I am fully informed of the particulars of the quarrel.

Punch. Particulars! The usual particulars—wears bonnets and gowns.

Clown. Is a widow with a lapdog.

Punch. To explain the matter briefly, sir, let me introduce myself as Colonel Sam Shivertree, a gentleman of leisure, well known the country through. I have been in Congress, still live, and am sometimes believed on oath. This is a young gentleman named Randolph Rex, a member of an aristocratic family residing in Washington Square. We are firm friends, and have postured to-night, as perhaps you may have observed, as leading figures in the popular picture called the Duel after the Masked Ball.

Reporter (*writing rapidly on shirt cuff*). I wish I had another shirt here. These two cuffs will hardly take all my news.

Punch. Last Monday Mr. Rex was kind enough to give me his confidence. He is twenty-three years old, and had fallen in love.

Reporter. Remarkable novelty, these circumstances. [*Writes.*

Punch. Others are to follow. On Tuesday I, who am fifty-six years old, did the same thing.

Clown. For a whole week on alternate days we confide to each other the rapture we have experienced in the society of the most fascinating creature that ever acted as tug for a King Charles spaniel—

Punch. And to-night, for the first time, we recognize the horror of our situation. We, fast friends, have both fallen in love with the same woman.

Clown. And her name is Patty—

Punch. A widow—

Clown. From the Pacific coast.

Punch. A heartless coquette! She loves me on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—

Clown. And me on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Sundays are off-days with her—so far as we know. Now neither of us is satisfied with half her heart. Each wants all of Patty, or none of Patty. So on guard, rival! One, two—

[*They cross swords savagely.*

Enter PATTY *precipitately.*

Patty. Three! [*Interposes. They cease fighting.*

Reporter (*writing*). "The charming cause of contention suddenly appeared upon the scene—"

Patty. How dare you attack an admirer of mine, Mr. Randolph Rex?

Clown. You defend him against me! Oh, Patty!

Patty. By what right do you ill-treat this young friend of mine, Colonel Sam Shivertree?

Punch. You are pulverized by the attractions of the youthful Clown! Oh, Mrs. Perplexity! But a widow! Sure Weller was right.

Patty. I am very fond of you both.

Reporter (*writing*). "Remarkable peculiarity in a widow—fond of two men—"

Patty. Who are you?

Reporter. The wizard of the age, the printing-press.

Patty. A reporter! I don't want to be interviewed. I was born on the Pacific coast in the year 1858, of poor but dishonest parents; never went to school; remarked for my beauty at the age of sixteen; married at eighteen to a wealthy old scoundrel who died two years after, and left me free, with a large fortune. I am young, opulent, and beautiful. I don't want anything published about me in the newspapers.

Reporter. Hum! so I should fancy.

Punch. Such charms, you will agree, are worth fighting for. On guard, rival! [*They cross swords.*

Enter CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT.

C. Man-Servant. Ah, a duel! Pray are these gentlemen from Ohio?

Patty. Go about your business.

C. Man-Servant. I have none. I'm a New York servant.

Patty. A servant! Then you certainly know your employer's business. How does he avoid fighting?

C. Man-Servant. He adopts the plan mentioned in "Hudibras"—he runs away.

Patty. Come, duellists, run away!

Reporter. Allow me to suggest your doing so first. We men have a few words to say together.

Patty (*going*). I am now residing, Mr. Reporter, in the state drawing-rooms of the Martha Washington Grand Hotel, on Cornwallis Avenue, and may be seen without a telescope any day at the dinner-table, attired in a wondrous creation made by Value, the great Parisian man-milliner, which sets off to the fullest degree my remarkable beauty. I am—

Reporter. I see you are. This way, madam, will lead you to perfect seclusion. [*Hands her off.*

Clown. We have now, each of us, a second. Quite the right thing. Rival, on guard!

[*They cross swords.*

Punch. Stop! There's a pin sticking me in my ruff. I must remove it. [*They cease fighting.*

C. Man-Servant. Really, gentlemen, these false starts to your duel are becoming a nuisance. You ought to do it or leave it alone. But why fight at all? I know a neat way to accomplish your aim.

Clown and *Punch* (*together*). Name the aim!

C. Man-Servant (*drawing a pack of playing-cards from his pocket*). You see these mystic toys of the goddess Chance?

Reporter (*writing*). "Mystic toys of the goddess Chance were now drawn from the tail coat pocket of the—"

C. Man-Servant. You simply—very simply indeed—draw cards from the pack until one of you draws a heart—

Clown and *Punch* (*breathlessly*). Draws a heart?

C. Man-Servant. And the first man who draws a heart gets Patty.

Clown and *Punch* (*breathlessly*). And the other?

C. Man-Servant. Gets a pistol.

Reporter (*writing*). "One duellist is loaded with Patty, the other with—"

C. Man-Servant. The man who gets Patty marries her. That's his punishment for being a fool. And the one who gets the pistol blows out his brains with it. That's his punishment for ditto ditto. Do you agree to this plan?

Clown and *Punch* (*breathlessly*). We do!

C. Man-Servant (*to* REPORTER). Then let us join the lady.

Reporter. Trusting that the champagne furnished at this beer-garden does not labor under the disadvantage of coming from a firm which Patty, in honor or otherwise, feels herself obliged to boycott. [*They exeunt leisurely, arm in arm.*

Punch. Now then, sir! I place the cards upon the ground, face downward. Draw!

Clown. After you, sir. Youth after age, beauty after homeliness—

Punch. An ass after a wise man! I draw. There! [*Draws a card.*] The Ace of Spades!

Clown. That gives you a black eye. [*Draws.*] The Queen of Hearts!

Punch. You've pulled pretty Patty!

Clown. Queen of Tarts! and Queen of Hearts! I'll join them in their carousals. They went this way, I think. [*Exit, skipping joyfully.*

Punch. To die, to blow my own brains out! How excessively troublesome!

Enter CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT *with a glass of wine.*

C. Man-Servant. The Burgundy at this beer-garden is not to be despised. I have brought you a glass. After you have disposed of it, I shall come to you again, accompanied by the pistol.

[*Exit.*

Punch (*sits on chair with glass in his hand*). Strange how very desirable life now appears to me, even devoid of the attractions of Patty! Nay, perchance its sweetness would be enhanced by the absence of the widow. I care for the boy, though. What fools we both were! [*Laughter and clinking of glasses heard outside.*] Ah! they are enjoying themselves vastly. They care little enough for me.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. What, singing! You must feel very gay.

Punch. I do. You've no idea how completely at ease one is concerning all one's small worldly troubles when one is about to intrust their settlement to that admirable executor, a pistol.

Clown. I wish I enjoyed your peace of mind. I hardly think I shall relish life with a King Charles spaniel.

Punch. And Patty.

Clown. And Patty, of course. Very much of course. Very much of Patty.

Enter PATTY.

Patty. Oh, my beloved affianced!

[*Embraces* CLOWN *vigorously.*

Clown. Don't press me too hard; I'm afraid you'll bend me. I'm far from firm, I assure you.

[*Weeps.*

Patty. I have forgotten to mention to you that after we are married I intend residing in Arizona.

Clown. Do you? How long?

Patty. As long as the Indians will permit. Come, future husband. Lead Carlo by his string.

Clown. While you lead me by mine.

[*She drags* CLOWN *off, and he drags the dog off. Exeunt.*

Punch. Patty? Or the pistol? 'Tis Hobson's choice for unpleasantness. I see that now.

Enter CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT, *with pistol.*

C. Man-Servant. Excuse my keeping you waiting for the pistol.

Punch. Don't apologize, I beg.

C. Man-Servant. Here it is. A clumsy affair, but a sure one. Belongs to the brewer. He keeps it to shoot his disabled old horses, and put them out of their misery. I've oiled it well.

Punch. You are infernally obliging, I must say.

C. Man-Servant. Don't mention it. There are the balls, caps, powder. [*Gives them.*] And so good-by to you.

[*Shakes hands, and retires out of sight.*

Punch (*charges the pistol with powder and cap*). I don't mind losing the widow, certainly; but why didn't I think of that before I won the pistol? [*Plays with balls.*] To think that these tough pills are to be the final dose for Colonel Sam Shivertree! Um! one last cigarette under the trees yonder. I'll leave the pistol here. The balls will be safe in my pocket.

[*Leaves pistol on table; puts balls in his pocket. Exit leisurely.*

CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT *descends stage.*

C. Man-Servant. He hesitates.

Enter the REPORTER *mysteriously, wrapped in long cloak.*

Reporter. Is the deed done?

C. Man-Servant. He will shoot himself anon.

Reporter. Don't let him fail. Think of our bargain. Halves in all our newspaper sensations. There's the Treasury in it! [*Exit.*

C. Man-Servant. If he won't shoot himself, I must find some one who will.

Enter PATTY, *wildly.*

Patty. Have you seen him?

C. Man-Servant. No.

Patty. Where's the Reporter? This makes me the most celebrated woman in America. Two gentlemen fight a duel for my hand. One shoots me, the other marries himself. No, reversely. No matter, you know what I mean. If you see the Reporter send him to me. [*Exit.*

C. Man-Servant. We are sure of an item about her. But the pistol must not miss fire.

[*Picks it up from table.*

Enter CLOWN, *who snatches it from him.*

Clown. Give it to me! My resolve is fixed! I take the pistol, and leave him Patty.

[*Rushes off with pistol.*

C. Man-Servant. Any way you like, so there's a man shot.

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. I've finished the cigarette. Now for another sort of fire. [*Looks for pistol.*] Gone! [*Pistol-shot heard outside.*] What's that?

C. Man-Servant. Only this: the friend you wanted to kill in a duel has shot himself.

Punch (*weeps*). Ah me, how can I endure life without the friend I wanted to kill in a duel!

[*Loud sneezing heard without.*

C. Man-Servant. Sneezing after shooting one's self with a pistol!

Punch. Peculiar, but not inexplicable. The powder acted like snuff. The pistol was not loaded. I have the balls in my pocket.

[*Shows them.*

Enter CLOWN, *followed by* PATTY *and* REPORTER.

Clown. I am tired of shooting myself. One can have too much of a good thing. Good-by, pistol. [*Throws it on ground.*

C. Man-Servant (*picking up pistol, and giving it to* PUNCH). By the terms of the agreement, if he don't kill himself, you must kill yourself.

Clown (*snatching pistol from him*). Vampire! Haven't enough people been shot here in the last half-hour?

Reporter. The worst of it is that nobody is dead.

Patty. I don't care whether they are dead or alive. I am now the most celebrated woman in America. I consent to be interviewed. This way, Mr. Reporter, and I will give you my whole history. To begin at the beginning, I was born when I was a mere infant—

[*She takes the arm of the* REPORTER, *and talks to him until they are out of sight, he listening.* CLOWN *and* PUNCH *execute gymnastics of delight, and embrace each other.*

Clown. Colonel, my old friend!

Punch. Randy, my boy!

Clown. No more Patty!

Punch. No more pistol!

C. Man-Servant. And no more Reporter!

WILLIAM WARREN.

The stranger who passes a few days in Boston will be sure to meet in some central street of that city—and will also be sure to notice, if he be an observant person—a tall, well-knit, elderly man, who comes sauntering by him with the air of easy, homely familiarity of one who has grown up with the place and matched its every exterior change with some spiritual development of his own—a kind of proprietorship, and yet of coördination, if so fanciful a phrase may be admitted. The gait is slow, but not heavy, no longer free and swinging, like that of even advanced maturity, and yet not inelastic or uncertain. The figure is erect; the head, which bears the shiniest of hats poised just the least bit aslant upon an unmistakable wig of glossy brown, is thrown a little back and to one side; the smoothly shaven, rather pallid face has a pleasant mouth and a bright, shrewd eye, while the contour of the cheeks has that squareness and the throat that fulness which indicate much use of the organs of facial and vocal expression. The dress is not foppish, but is punctiliously exact, neat, and fine, with a possible slight disposition toward a marked style in the overcoat that suits the season to a dot, and in the open collar of a cut no longer common.

And if the stranger's curiosity, roused by this rencounter, be piqued to inquisitiveness on seeing this same gentleman in the evening standing in the lobby or seated in an orchestra stall at some theatre, with the manner of one who knows all about it, and yet is neither uninterested nor *blasé*, the Bostonian guide, philosopher, and friend will probably reply, with polite toleration and surprise, "That? why, that's Warren!" and vouchsafe no further information.

Yet, as there may be many to whom the name of William Warren is not known as that of one of the great comedians of the century, or who, knowing thus much, have little notion of his character, capacity, and accomplishments, an outline sketch of these may fitly accompany the portrait of him which is printed elsewhere in this journal.

William Warren was born in Philadelphia November 17, 1812, and came of truly theatrical lineage. His father, who came from England in 1796, at the age of nineteen, and was in his lifetime an actor and manager of repute, married in New York a Scotch girl, Esther Fortune, who, like her sister Euphemia, the grandmother of Joseph Jefferson, was a good and popular actress. Young Warren's first appearance was made on October 27, 1832, at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the occasion being a benefit to his father, and his part, Young Norval. He was sufficiently successful to be allowed to give up the mercantile life which had been mapped out for him, and to take to the stage instead. After some irregular exercise at different times and places, he became a member of the Boston Howard Athenæum company, which he joined on October 6, 1846, playing Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Here he made his mark, and was engaged at the end of this season for the Boston Museum, where he began his work on August 23, 1847, as Billy Lackaday and Gregory Grizzle, and where he remained until his withdrawal from the stage at the end of the season of 1882–3—a period of thirty-four years, broken only by a short time of touring in 1864–5 as head of the "Warren-Orton combination," under H. C. Jarrett's management. During all this extended professional life Mr. Warren only played once in New York, on April 14, 1841, when he appeared as Grizzle. He also acted once in London, for a benefit, at the Strand Theatre, in the year 1844, when he played Con Gormley in *The Vermont Wool-Dealer*.

When the half-century of his work was nearing its close, Mr. Warren was invited to accept a testimonial benefit tendered him by fellow-citizens who represented the best in Boston society, art, and literature. Performances were given on the afternoon and evening of October 28, 1882, and the Museum was crowded, although to the double price of the seats was to be added in most cases a considerable auction premium. In the afternoon he acted Dr. Pangloss, and in the evening Sir Peter Teazle, and a special programme, bearing a fine steel portrait and some biographical details, was distributed. The local press printed several appropriate sketches, and it was noted that he had performed, in his thirty-four years at the Museum, 13,345 times, in 577 parts, 5799 of these performances having been in only 68 characters. After the evening performance there was a small gathering of friends at his residence, when some testimonials were presented to him, among them a silver pitcher from the Boston Theatre Company, and a "loving-cup" sent him by Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, McCullough, and Mary Anderson, Mr. William Winter being the messenger, and accompanying the gift by a eulogistic poem.

Shortly after this the regular season closed, and Mr. Warren then severed his long connection with the Museum, and, as the result has proved, withdrew finally from the stage. Some things had occurred to weaken slightly the sympathy and heartiness of his former relations, but his feeling of affectionate association with the scene of his life-work was too strong to admit of his accepting, even for a few exceptional appearances, any of the urgent and flattering offers which were at once made him, and have been often repeated since. Unlike many men of his profession, his mind is too well stored and poised, his sense of just content with what he has done too solid, and his disposition too equable, for him to be restless without the show, the high lights, and the applause of the theatre. His books, his papers, his daily stroll, in which he receives a hundred kind and respectful salutations, a dish of discourse with a friend, and an occasional evening at the play or the opera, fill out his time pleasantly and profitably, and for him age is not as Ossian would depict it, "dark and unlovely."

In the course of this long, unbroken career, beginning in the time when a single part a year was never so much as dreamed of for an actor's stock in trade and test of his ability, but when, on the contrary, a half-dozen new parts a week were a not uncommon task, Mr. Warren necessarily assumed the enormous number of nearly six hundred different rôles—from the trivialities of extravaganza, burlesque, and fairy spectacle, the oddities of farce, and the "character" parts of regular and sensational drama, to the highest walk of elegant comedy and the dignity and wit of Shakespeare. Beginning with a faithful determination always to consider his duty first and himself last, his powers widened, strengthened, deepened, and rounded with each year, until he not only did the old things better every season, but also annually added to his repertory something which until then he could not have mastered. The genuinely ridiculous earnestness of Poor Pillicoddy, John Small, and Box prepared him for Tony Lumpkin, Fathom, and Dr. Pangloss. From these he passed to Touchstone and Polonius, to his Sir Harcourt Courtly, high bred for all its vanity and selfishness, his Sir Peter Teazle, unrivalled for finesse, delicacy, and point, and to his Triplet, full almost to excess of irresistible pathos. Acquiring in the mean time the French language, and studying the French character, he was able to make other great successes in such digressions from his vernacular parts as Haversack, M. Tourbillon, and Jacques Fauvel, in most of which mere humor was laid aside for deeper and stronger traits.

Comparisons are sometimes necessary in determining an artist's status, and they are not invidious if they are so limited. Therefore, in a passing reference to other great actors, no questions of degree are raised, but only points of difference noted. As compared with Jefferson, Warren has less airiness of speech and manner, and could never have given to Bullfrog, Bob Acres, and Golightly the former's almost fantastic touch; as Jesse Rural he has less ingenuousness, unconsciousness, and softness than Blake; as Sir Anthony Absolute John Gilbert would excel him in testiness and the intimation of a natural coarseness of fibre; he could never have been as materially humorous a Falstaff as Hackett, as lickerish a Toodles as Burton, as unctuous a Dogberry as Charles Bass, or as *comical* an Ollapod as John Owens. Yet his range of absolute excellence is greater than most of theirs, while he has made individual and original creations of some such parts as have been already mentioned. In a word, if he and they may properly stand upon the same plane for the eminent merit of certain special characters, Warren deserves memory as a better "all-round" actor than any of them, with the possible exception of John Gilbert, and as graced with a finer courtliness and more sustained elegance than they.

Mr. Warren's face is most mobile, and, "better than that word," belongs to that class through which, as Macbeth said, the "spirits shine," conveying a hundred impressions with comparatively slight modification of feature—like Rachel's, Neilson's, Salvini's, and Edwin Booth's. The changes which pass over it can rarely be analyzed and detailed as examples of expression, and yet the thought, the purpose, the meaning, and the feeling of the moment can be read there infallibly. He was never skilful at dancing or singing, or in any gymnastic accomplishments; but these limitations have seldom impaired his effects. His voice is of a peculiar *timbre*—reedy, and with a kind of edge to it; it may fairly be called unique, and is always recognizable on the instant; yet this strange quality is not unpleasant, and the organ is susceptible of many modifications as truly expressive of tenderness and pathos, of woe and weakness, as of piquancy, eccentricity, or dry humor.

One characteristic trait merits record and challenges comparison—his absolute faithfulness to his author. It was never his habit to add to his lines or to take from them, still less to pervert and change their spirit by inconsistent "make-up" or "business," or by any innuendo or look, inflection or gesture. No "gag," no "topical" interpolation, no superfluous expletive, can be laid to his charge, no child was ever astonished at his freedom, no modest woman ever blushed for word, inflection, or sign of his, and no familiar part or passage was ever transmogrified to suit his fancy or to give him "a better show." But if an oath, whether in the elder comedy or in some common drama of the day, was set down for him, he spoke it as if it came to his lips by such an irresistible impulsion of fallible humanity as would make the recording angel blot it while he wrote; whether the hearers laughed or frowned, they somehow felt that the imaginary personage could not help it, and so forgave him.

Although Mr Warren has always remained a bachelor, he has nothing of the recluse about him. His residence has been for tens of years in the quiet boarding-house of the Misses Fisher, in central, old-fashioned, almost forgotten Bulfinch Place—a little street of a dozen houses hidden away behind the Revere House, at the foot and back of Beacon Hill. Here he has had really a home, other boarders being few, and then only specially favored members of the dramatic profession, while the mistress of the house has watched his comfort with sisterly care, and made his personal friends welcome heartily. As a consequence of this tranquil, regular life the natural placidity and gentleness of his disposition have been nurtured in the intervals of his study, and he has at the same time preserved a *bonhomie* and an original humor which are rare among comedians of the higher and more thoughtful types. He is kind-hearted, generous, quickly responsive to any worthy appeal—often, indeed, more willing to be imposed upon to his own cost than to believe another to be an impostor or a cheat—and very fond of the nieces who come occasionally to make him happy by a visit. He is a man of good taste, but easily pleased, fond of reading and of friendly unprofessional chat, and takes a real uncritical satisfaction in seeing and encouraging a good amateur performance. Beyond and above these traits, he is honorable, dignified, loyal, and upright, with a conduct, a character, and a reputation which many a pillar of a church might honestly wish to parallel. To quote from a leading article in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of October 28, 1882: "Faithful to every duty assigned, trivial or uncongenial though it might be; honest with his author's words and obedient to his wishes; reticent of censure and free of praise; modest and reserved in regard to his own merits; frank and generous toward those of his brothers and sisters in art; considerate of the novice and the dullard, and never subservient to the famous or the great; self-respecting, and kindly and courteous toward others; simple in habits and upright in principle—Mr. Warren is at once a living contradiction to those who assert that the stage necessarily corrupts character, and a living example to others who have chosen the same profession."

Howard Malcolm Ticknor.

JOHN GILBERT.

John Gilbert, whose portrait is given elsewhere, is justly entitled to be called the father of the American stage, not only because of his age and his half a century of public service, but on account of the veneration in which he is held for his artistic preëminence and the purity of his personal character. The fine old veteran is indeed an honor to his profession, and when the day comes—may it be far distant!—for his final withdrawal from the mimic boards, his absence will leave a void which no actor known to present fame, either here or in England, can hope to fill. At this time, happily, he is in full possession of both mental and physical vigor, and promises to rival even the famous Macklin, who acted with almost undiminished powers at the patriarchal age of ninety, and was not gathered to his fathers for seventeen years after that.

The play-lovers of New York have been accustomed for so long to associate the presence of Mr. Gilbert with the interpretation of all that is most valuable in old or modern comedy that they might be excused for regarding him in the light of an institution almost as permanent as the theatre itself. It does not perhaps often occur to any of them to think what the effect of his retirement will be upon the stage, not only of this city, but of the country at large.

It has often been said of eminent actors that particular characters would die with them, but this has rarely proved to be the case when the character itself has been worthy the genius of the player. There may never again be so good a Paul Pry as Liston, so funny a Toodles as Burton, or even J. S. Clark, such an admirable Solon Shingle as Owens, so perfect a Dundreary as Sothern, or a Rip Van Winkle like Jefferson; but the disappearance of any or all of these characters cannot inflict a serious loss upon the stage in a broad sense, because they are eccentric types only, whose effectiveness depends wholly or chiefly upon the personal characteristics of actors gifted in some peculiar and restricted manner. They have no actual literary or dramatic value, and cannot be said to fulfil the chief function of the stage, which is to hold the mirror up to nature, except in the very narrowest sense. The elder Kean and the elder Booth were greater doubtless in their most famous characters, Shylock and Richard, for instance, than any tragic actors of more recent date, but their demise has not affected seriously the vitality of those parts, and their successors, if inferior, are not unworthy substitutes.

No living man can play Othello as Salvini plays it, but the Moor will endure for ages after the superb Italian has withdrawn to the quiet of his vineyards. The peculiarity in the case of Mr. Gilbert is that there is absolutely no actor in sight who exhibits even a rising capacity for interpreting any of a wide range of characters, whose adequate representation is absolutely essential to the performance of classic old comedy. It is possible, of course, that some of the younger light comedians of the day may, in the course of years, develop unsuspected powers in this direction, but he would be a bold critic who would venture to name them, and it is difficult to see how their presumptive ability can be fostered and strengthened when the rehearsals of old comedy and the maintenance of correct tradition depend upon the life of one old man. The problem may be stated briefly as follows: "Without good actors of old men's parts old comedy cannot be acted successfully, and if it cannot be acted successfully, it follows obviously that it will not be acted at all. If it is not acted at all, how can a school for old comedy be established in which young actors can be trained to supply the places of the old?"

From this point of view, which seems unhappily to be the only one which can be adopted reasonably, it appears inevitable that the survival of many of the masterpieces of English dramatic literature upon the American stage depends upon the health of Mr. Gilbert, unless some new player should arise with extraordinary natural powers of a most uncommon kind. Some slight foundation for a hope of this kind is furnished by the example of Mr. Gilbert himself, who has been the unrivalled impersonator of old men from his youth up. His first efforts, as must be generally known, inasmuch as outlines of his career have been published repeatedly in the daily press, were made in tragedy and melodrama. As a boy in the high school at Boston, the city of his birth, he studied with avidity whatever theatrical literature he could obtain. Before he was fifteen years old he had committed to memory such parts as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved* and Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*, and at the age of eighteen his ambition emboldened him to risk parental anger and the loss of his situation in his uncle's dry-goods store by appearing in public in those characters in the old Tremont Theatre. His performance was crude, without doubt, but won the approbation of his audience, and his success was sufficiently gratifying to confirm him in his resolution to adopt the stage as a profession.

This important experiment was made in 1828, nearly sixty years ago, and ever since that night, with the exception of a few short intervals, he has labored faithfully and with steadily increasing reputation in the public service. The limits of this article will not permit anything like a detailed history of his theatrical life, nor would there be anything very interesting in a record of places, names, and dates. A mere outline will be sufficient for present purposes. It must not be supposed that his career has been one of unbroken success, or that he continued from the first to figure as the chief heroes of stage romances. The finished art which has been so admired in these later years was acquired in a school of the hardest and most varied experience. After his earliest Boston triumph he went to New Orleans, under the management of the well-known James H. Caldwell, and it was there, when he was still a mere lad, that he manifested his extraordinary capacity for the delineation of old men's characters, and thus drifted naturally into that line of the profession, in which he is without a peer.

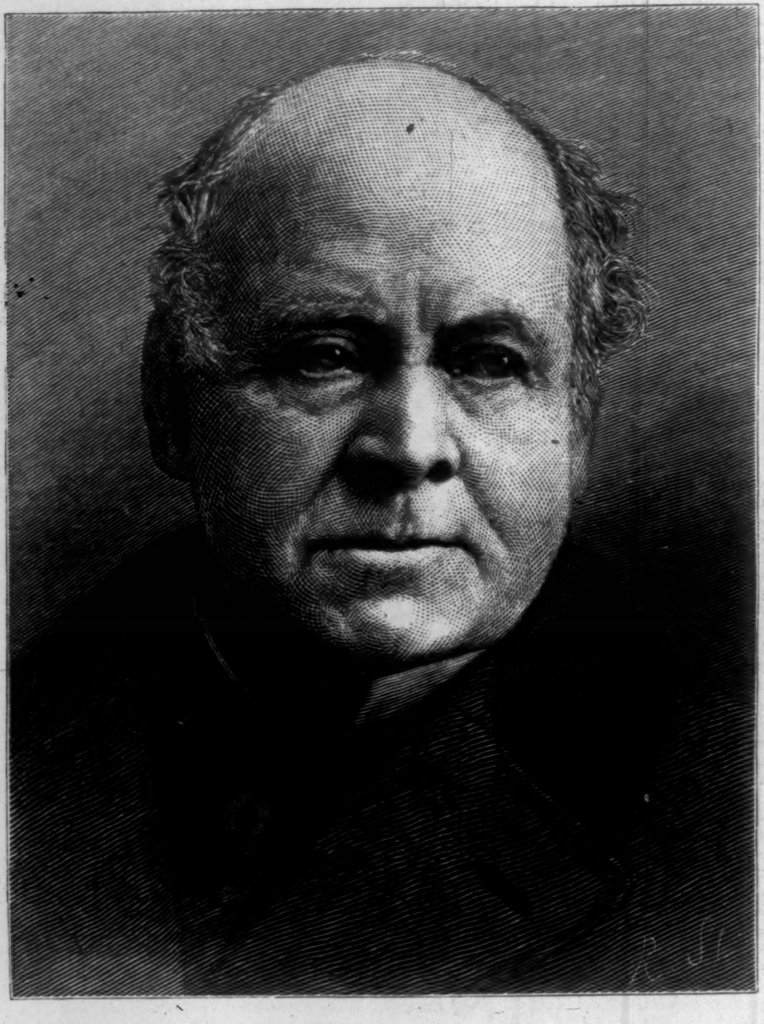
For five years he travelled in the West and Southwest, in days when "barn-storming" meant all that the term implies, playing anything and everything, and gradually acquiring the self-possession and the knowledge of stage resources which are the result of constant practice, and which contribute so largely to the equipment of the perfect artist. Upon his return to Boston he secured an engagement in the Tremont Theatre, where he played old men's and other parts for five years, supporting Booth, Forrest, James W. Wallack, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, and other celebrities then in the height of their glory. Then, with an established reputation, he came to New York, and played a round of his favorite parts in the old Bowery Theatre with great success. Later on, in 1843, after another engagement in Boston, where he was ever a favorite, he went to London, and acted in the Princess's Theatre, playing old men's parts in English comedy, with Macready and Charlotte Cushman, for an entire season, with brilliant artistic results.

Henceforth he stood at the head of his select-ed branch of the profession, filling engagements in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, until 1862, when he became a permanent member of Mr. Wallack's company, of which he has been ever since one of the greatest pillars. In this last quarter of a century his chief renown, of course, has been won in the old comedies. In the illustration of these he has furnished a gallery of portraits which for minute finish, sustained power of impersonation, and vital force have never been surpassed. His reproduction of the courtly old-time manner is exquisite in its fidelity. No man can wear the costumes of a century ago with so natural an air or comport himself in them with an easier dignity. The illusion created by him in such parts as Old Dornton, Sir Peter Teazle, or Sir Anthony Absolute is perfect. The assumption of the fictitious character is so complete that the spectator never thinks of the actor, or of the methods by which the deception is effected. This is the supreme test of the player's art, and Mr. Gilbert can endure the strictest application of it. Notwithstanding the rigorous precision with which he follows the rules of tradition, each look and gesture and motion seems to be utterly spontaneous. The choleric explosions of Sir Anthony, the pathetic touches of Old Dornton, the testy humor of Sir Peter, are not only studies from the life, but life itself, equally beyond criticism and doubt. There is not an expression upon the mobile face, not an intonation of the perfectly trained voice, not a gesture of the limbs, or a movement of the hands, that has not its proper and deliberate significance. The beauty of Mr. Gilbert's elocution, with its crisp utterance and extreme nicety of emphasis, is one of the most admirable features of his work.

The list of parts with which Mr. Gilbert is thus identified might be extended almost indefinitely. His Hardcastle is one of the truest and most delightful impersonations imaginable, full of the rarest humor, and instinct with the spirit of old-fashioned independence and hospitality. Where could be found a more touching portrayal of simplicity and benevolence than his Jesse Rural, a more humorous exposition of amorous avarice than his Sir Francis Gripe, or a more affecting exhibition of paternal love than in his performance of old Job Thornberry? Then, again, what a fund of humor in his Lord Duberly, in his Lord Ogleby, in Baron Vanderpotter, in Dogberry, in Brisemouch, in Justice Greedy, and of how comprehensive and varied an order! The versatility displayed is astonishing, and the perfection of workmanship extraordinary. A further illustration of the range of his accomplishments may be found by contrasting his Miles McKenna, the ruffian in *Rosedale*, with his Master Walter in *The Hunchback*, or his Mr. Butterscotch in *The Guv'nor*, with his Mr. Dorrison in *Home*.

It has been the lot of Mr. Gilbert to labor in a field which gives small chance for notoriety or large fortune. Other names are printed in larger letters than his, and lesser artists receive more consideration from the crowd of daily scribblers than he; but when his long and honorable life is closed, and the hour comes for final estimate, it will be acknowledged that in his own especial walk, in respect of solid attainment, constant devotion to a high standard, cultured intelligence, conscientious industry, and personal purity and integrity, he has done as much as any man of his day, if not more, to give dignity and repute to his calling.

J. Ranken Towse.



JOHN GILBERT.—[See Page 587.]

WILLIAM WARREN.—Photographed by C. F. Conly, Boston.—[See Page 587.]

TREMONT, "THE UNBEATEN TWO-YEAR-OLD."—Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 590.]

AN ERUPTION AT CAPITOL HILL.

TREMONT.

TREMONT, the unbeaten two-year-old of the Eastern racing meetings of 1886, was not a high-priced colt, judged by the prices usually paid for thorough-bred yearlings. He cost the DWYER BROTHERS only $1500 at SWIGERT'S sale near Lexington, Kentucky, in May, 1885. For although Tremont is by the famous Virgil (he by Vandal; dam, Hymenia, by imported Yorkshire), the sire of the great race-horse Hindoo, already himself a successful sire, Ann Fief, the dam of Tremont, was a young mare the progeny of which had secured no victories—a fact that materially helped Tremont in winning some of his races, the conditions of which gave him an allowance of three pounds in weight as the produce of a mare that had never produced a winner. Ann Fief was bred in 1876, and is by Alarm (he by imported Eclipse; dam, imported Maud, by Stockwell); dam, Kate Walker, by Embry's Lexington (he by the great Lexington). It will thus be seen that Tremont is a direct descendant of the two greatest racing strains of blood known in England and America. Ann Fief was never raced, and Tremont was her second foal.

As a race-horse Tremont was first seen at Jerome Park in the race for the Juvenile Stakes on Saturday, May 29, when he beat a field of fourteen so easily that he won by six lengths, having run the half-mile in 48¾ seconds. Since that time he has gone on, and has now an unbroken record of thirteen straight victories, which are briefly told as follows:

Date.		Name of Race.	Distance.	Weight. Pounds.	Net Value.
		AT JEROME PARK.			
May	29.	Juvenile	½ mile.	115	0.48¼
June	6.	Sequence	⅝ "	115	1.02½
		AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY			
"	10.	Foam	⅝ mile.	115	1.04½
"	12.	Surf	⅝ "	122	1.02
"	15.	Zephyr	¾ "	112	1.17¼
"	17.	Paddock	¾ "	112	1.17½
"	22.	Spring	¾ "	114	1.16½
"	24.	June	¾ "	117	1.18¼
"	26.	Great Post	¾ "	115	1.19¾
"	30.	Good-Bye	¾ "	115	1.15
		AT MONMOUTH PARK.			
July	10.	Atlantic	¾ mile.	115	1.16¾
"	15.	Tyro	¾ "	115	1.19
August	7.	Junior Champion	¾ "	115	1.17¼

The total amount of stakes won by the colt in these thirteen races was $39,135. All of the races were won very easily at the finish. In two only did Tremont really have to make any special exertions, and then only for half a mile, with MR. BELMONT'S Lady Primrose for the Surf Stakes, when Tremont got a bad start, and for the Junior Champion, when SNEDERKER & Co.'s Kingston and Mr. WITHERS'S Julietta colt forced the running in a heavy rain-storm, and over a track deep in mud. After this race Tremont's legs became somewhat swelled, and as he is richly engaged next year, and would have had to carry from seven to twelve pounds penalty in nearly all the stakes that he would have engaged in this autumn, which would bring the weight up to 127 pounds, his owners wisely decided to retire him for the year, doing so, however, with regret, as they would have liked to beat the great record of the English colt The Bard of sixteen stakes won without a defeat in 1885. Tremont, from the day of his début, has been a great favorite with the public. At the post he shows no temper, stands where he is placed by his rider, the famous JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, until the flag falls, and then, with a burst of speed—wonderful speed on occasion—he passes all opponents, and with a secure lead "waits in front," winning with uncommon ease.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

ALTHOUGH during the year 1885 fifty-one earthquakes were recorded as having taken place in the United States, no one of the sixty millions of inhabitants of this country was prepared for the awful phenomenon which manifested itself last week. The science of seismology and the invention of delicate instruments for the detection and measurement of earth shocks had made geologists familiar with the fact that the crust of our quarter of the globe does not enjoy complete immunity from "faults," and that mild disturbances of the earth's surface are frequently occurring on this hemisphere; but that so vigorous an earthquake centre would be established on the Atlantic coast as that which last week wrought havoc and destruction in South Carolina was not anticipated or believed to be within the bounds of probability.

Fortunately—if anything can be considered fortunate in connection with so alarming a subject—the hour at which last week's sudden disturbance of the earth's surface began was at a time of day, or rather of night, when the conditions for its observance, in relation to actual time of beginning and duration at many different points, were most favorable. From hundreds of points in all parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountain chain details of the phenomenon were instantly flashed over the telegraph wires to a common centre. Had science furnished a foreknowledge of the event, no more complete arrangements for its observance in the interest of seismology could have been effected than were furnished through its conjunction with the hour when the great army of telegraph operators in the United States are at their instruments, alert to "wire" every important news event. How much will be added to the limited store of human knowledge concerning earthquakes by last week's experience cannot now be predicted, and there is ever the discouraging thought in connection with the subject that, no matter how much may be learned, human power must ever remain impotent to avert or guard against similar catastrophes.

Accepting the now believed theory that the centre or focus of last week's earthquake was not under the sea—a fact which seems proven by the absence of any tidal wave—the centre must be found at some point in South Carolina or Georgia. Charleston and Savannah are built on beds of low, flat, sandy country, in regions of alluvial deposit, hundreds of miles away from the rocky regions of the Alleghanies, and nearly all of the cities that have been destroyed by earthquakes have been built on soft ground. In the horrible earthquake of 1755, that portion of Lisbon which was built on clay was utterly destroyed, while all the buildings in another part of the city, which were erected on basaltic rock and hard limestone, escaped destruction.

Allowing for the difference of time, or rather accepting the standard time of this city as an arbitrary basis, the first shock of last week's earthquake took place at 9.56 P.M. Its duration differed at different points. It covered a tract of country extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi Valley, and from Lake Michigan to the heart of Georgia and Alabama. It was sensibly felt in all the Western and Southern cities, New England being comparatively exempt. It was perceptible only by the aid of imagination in Boston, but it was distinctly felt along the beaches at Cape Cod and Cape Ann. Even in this city, standing as it does upon an island, the action of the earthquake was eccentric. In the lower part of the city the earth wave was distinctly felt, tall buildings being swayed so that chandeliers swung backward and forward and clocks were stopped. At the extreme northern end of the island it was also alarmingly apparent, but in the central part of the city it was scarcely observable. Brooklyn caught a sharper shock than Jersey City, and Newark, which is built on the flats, than either of the places just mentioned. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was more plainly shaken than Chicago, Illinois, and Cincinnati felt the disturbance, if telegraphic reports can be relied upon, just about as forcibly as it was felt at Jacksonville, Florida. At Washington, D. C., the shock was alarming, while at Baltimore it was but slightly felt.

These are but random examples of its eccentricities. In the middle Southern States the phenomenon became a catastrophe. It was nearly twenty-four hours after the first shock before any telegraphic communication could be established with Charleston, South Carolina, and then came the horrible news of a city destroyed. Shock succeeded shock at Charleston and at other points in South Carolina, and the inhabitants were rendered nearly frantic with fright. In Charleston, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, all dwelling-houses were forsaken in the dead of night, and the terrified people, half clothed and shivering with fear, sought the parks or the outlying country as places of safety. For several days it was impossible for any one to reach Charleston from the outside world; railroad tracks had been torn out of shape, and strange rifts and gullies cut in familiar roads. The damage to the city, wrought in the space of a few minutes' time, ran up into the millions, and many lives were lost. To add to the horror of the scene, the awful grumbling and tumbling of the earth continued, with interruptions, for thirty-six hours, and hundreds of women and children were driven temporarily insane. The earthquake selected Broad Street, the leading thoroughfare of Charleston, for its cruelest work, and that and other streets were rendered impassable by the débris of wrecked and ruined buildings. Many of the most costly churches and public buildings were either ruined or so shaken that they will have to be destroyed.

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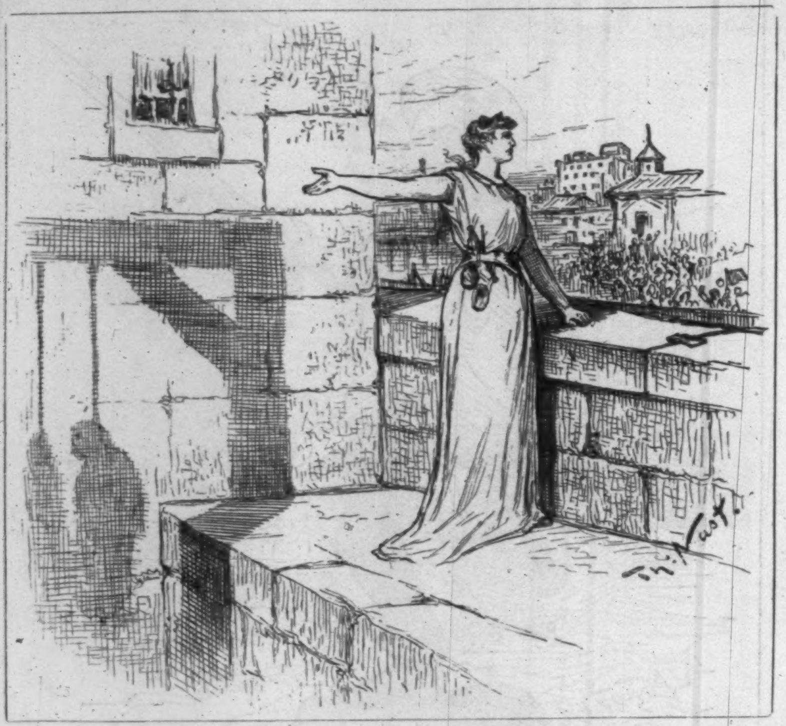

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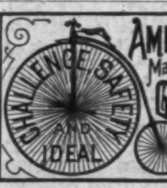

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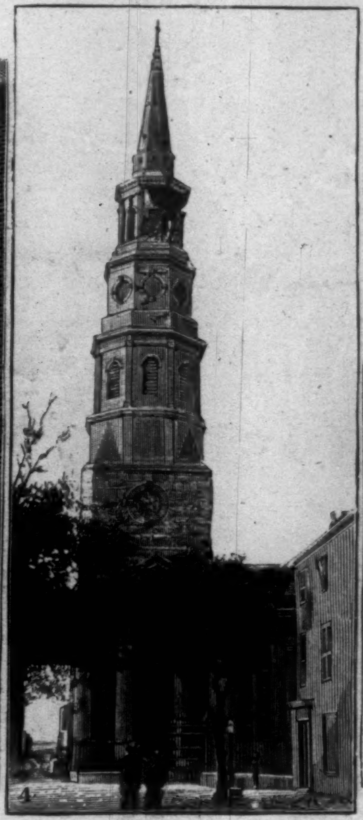

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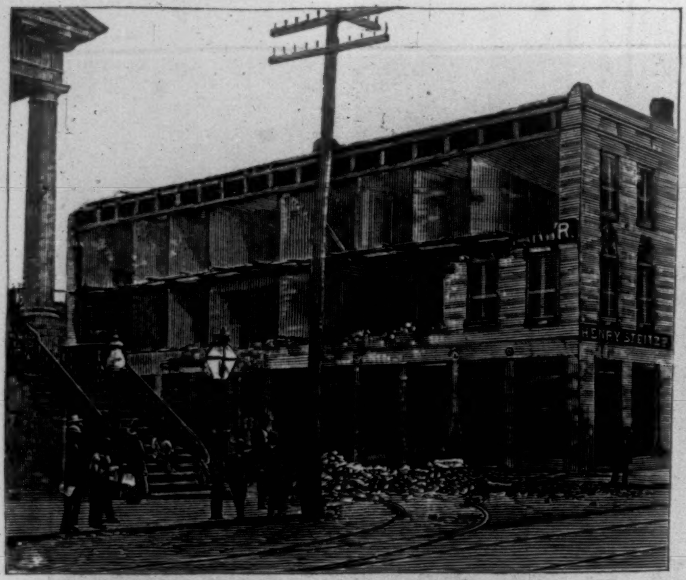
THE NIGHT OF THE EARTHQUAKE IN CHARLESTON, A

AUGUST 31, 1886.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 590.]



CORNER OF MARKET AND MEETING STREETS.—Photographed by W. E. Wilson.

BIRD'S OIL AND PAINT STORE.—Photographed by W. E. Wilson.

A FAMILY BIVOUAC.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

EARTH FISSURE ON LINE OF CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD.—Photographed by W. E. Wilson.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

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